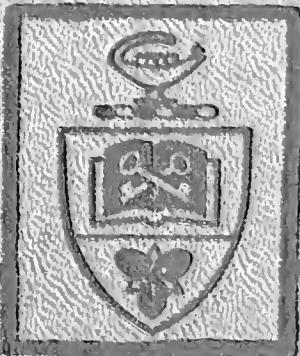


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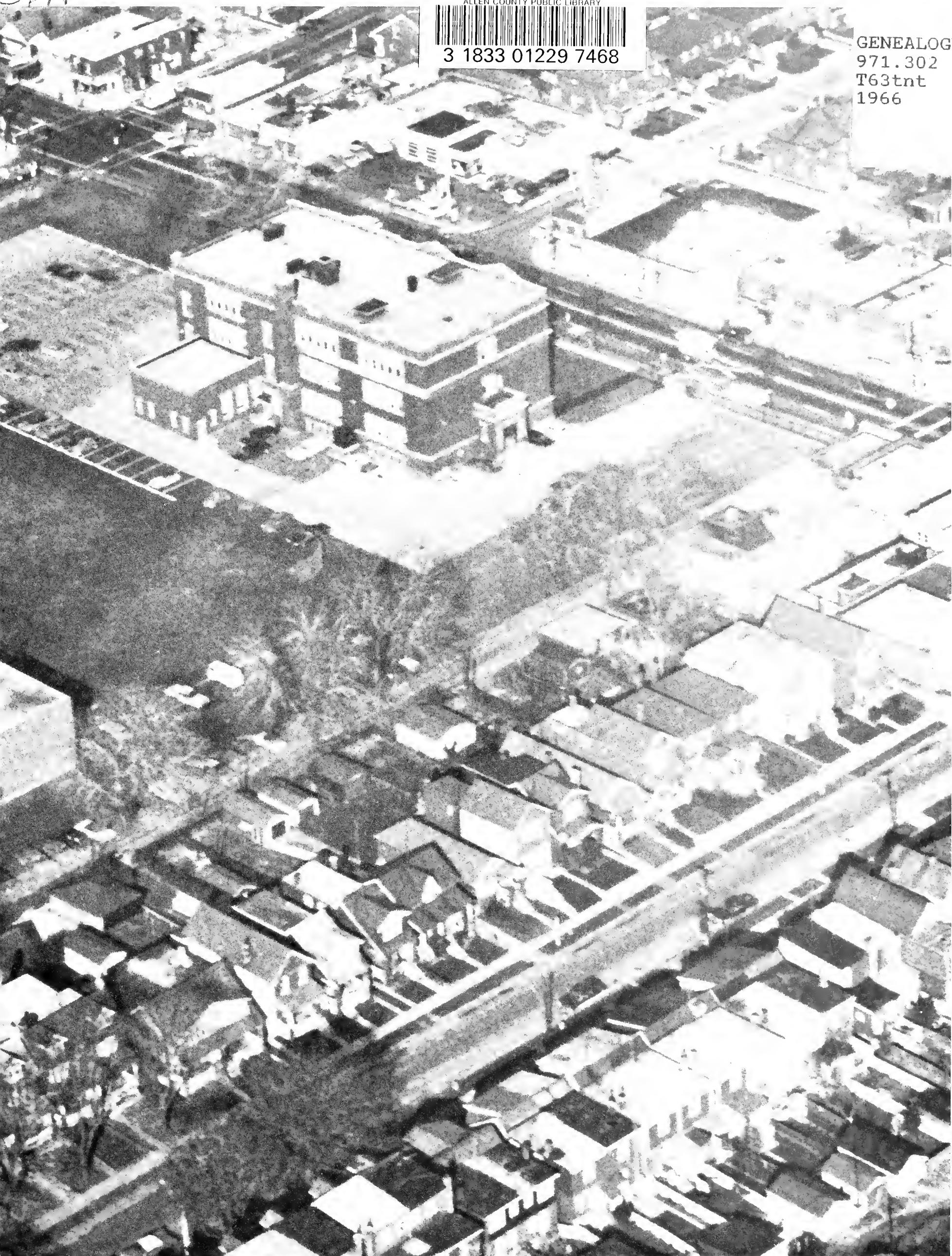
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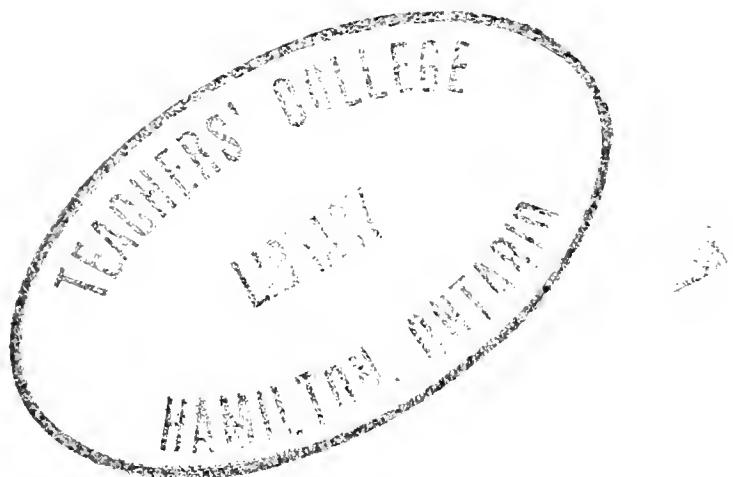


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IN REMEMBRANCE OF
MRS. MARGARET HILCHIE LEE,
DEAN OF WOMEN,
TORONTO TEACHERS' COLLEGE

Mrs. Lee died on Friday, April 1, 1966.

Born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, Mrs. Lee received elementary and secondary education in the schools of Toronto. Her post secondary schooling was achieved at the University of Toronto and Cornell University, culminating in a Bachelor of Household Science Degree and a Master of Science Degree respectively.

During World War II, Mrs. Lee served with the Food Administration Section of the Canadian Red Cross both as national commandant and as overseas commandant. She also acted in the capacity of secretary to the Canadian Wives Bureau at Canadian Military Headquarters in London.

Following the close of war, Mrs. Lee became a teacher of Home Economics in the secondary schools of Listowel and Whitby. For the past ten years she had been an energetic Dean of Women at Toronto Teachers' College, offering instruction, also, as Master in charge of Home Economics. An enthusiastic educator, Mrs. Lee was the author of two textbooks in Home Economics at the level of Grades 9 and 10.

Mrs. Lee was a member of the University Women's Club, the Canadian Home Economics Association, the University of Toronto Household Science Alumnae and the Alpha Gamma Delta Fraternity in whose administration and charitable activities she had been active until her demise.

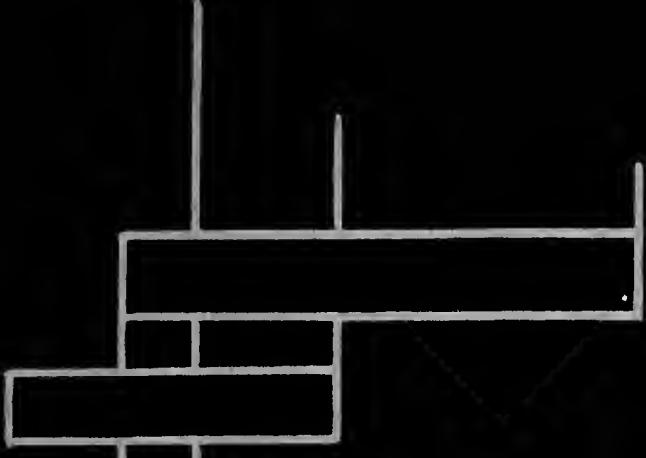
We shall remember her.

*Build me straight, O worthy Master!
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!*

—Longfellow

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*Mr. Walford,
Miss Fletcher,
and
Miss Horne
have, over the years,
given of their time and effort
to produce
the college yearbook.*

**In Appreciation,
this yearbook
is dedicated
to them.**

With to-day's society reflecting a protest against old authoritarianisms, with the removal of outer restraints and the resultant shifting of greater responsibility from authority to the individual, there is a surging urgency for the teacher to achieve and exercise that maturity of self so essential in one entrusted with the education of children.

Yours is a changing role but an exciting challenge. Your teaching must transcend the realm of competent practice; your teaching must cope readily with intangibles, must so inspire as to shape lives; your teaching must engender an atmosphere in which academic disciplines mean more to children than the mere performance of an assignment.

Only then will you be recognized as the teacher possessing the excellence of artistry, the teacher who looms quietly on the periphery but yet lingers at the heart of the learning process, the teacher who offers leadership and guidance to youngsters whose only request is recognition as individuals, the teacher who is keenly cognizant of the values of self-discipline and who endeavours to instil in his pupils an appreciation for the responsibilities of living. Of such magnitude is the task that confronts you.

Initially, you may experience feelings of uneasiness, uncertainty and doubt. With the first joys of accomplishment, however, you will grow in confidence and competence. As time lapses, you may meditate on excellence.

The staff of Toronto Teachers' College wishes you well. May you enjoy every measure of success, health and happiness.

Sincerest best wishes,



A cursive signature in black ink that reads "John Bain". The signature is fluid and elegant, with a large, sweeping initial 'J' and 'B'.





THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION

In company with people of all races and all creeds all over the world, the people of Ontario are showing, as perhaps never before, a keen interest in education and the product of our school system. In a large measure, the fulfilment of the hopes of our citizens depends upon you who will teach in the schools and prepare our children for their life in our modern technological world. What you teach will be important, but how you teach it, your professional confidence, and your own character as a person will have equal importance. As one man phrased it, "Education with attention to the building of character will do nothing more than produce a race of clever robots".

Your responsibilities, as you take up your duties in our schools next September will be both exacting and difficult. You will not, however, be alone. You will have many allies, your colleagues, your board of trustees, the parents of your children and, when you have gained their confidence, your children themselves. You will have at your call the advice and assistance of your supervisors and the resources of the Department of Education. Do not hesitate to seek assistance when you need it.

After a year at Teachers' College, your professional training is behind you, your professional growth is still ahead. You carry with you the confidence of the Department of Education and the good will of the people of our Province as you begin your career. May your teaching days be happy and rewarding!

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "William G. Davis".

William G. Davis
Minister of Education.



Editorial



It is ironic that the closest one ever feels to something is at the moment of separation. This is true of leaving Toronto Teachers' College. One suddenly feels attached to the school and in a way indebted to it, for it is here that we have learned sound philosophy and methodology of teaching. In order that one put his whole heart into any particular undertaking he must first be convinced that the undertaking is worthwhile. In the short span of one year we have come to more fully realize that teaching is not only one of the most important professions of our society but also that, if it is to be well done, it is one of the most technical and difficult both in preparation and practice. Graduation, or even the contemplation of graduation, reminds one of how much the College has done for him.

The 1966 yearbook is not essentially different from last year's, or that of two years ago, or even from the ragged 1953 magazine in the yearbook office. Yet, each year, a few new, different, and valuable changes and additions are made: for example, this year a greater emphasis has been placed on student art, indicated by the change from the "Literary Section" to a section titled "The Arts." Thus, the magazine changes and matures with the school, reflecting the highlights of each particular year. We have tried to give the college our best ideas. As editor I am extremely grateful for the invaluable assistance of all the members and advisors of the Yearbook Staff who did their utmost to fulfil their responsibilities — plus a little more. We only hope that the product of our work is fit to take its place in the records of what has been to all of us a very significant year.

Elizabeth M. Werner



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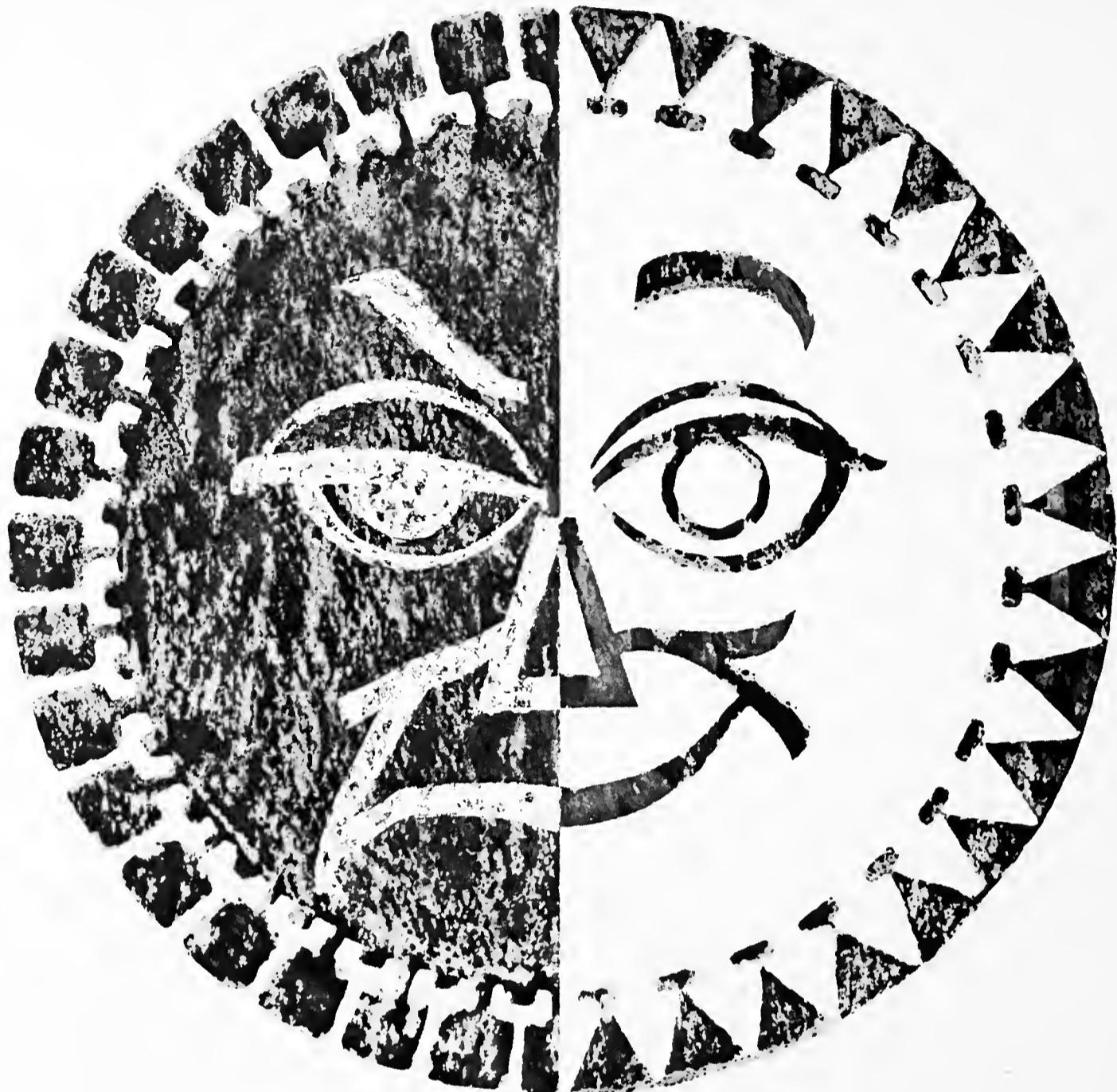
Back Row: Miss Fletcher, Sister Warner, Lualhati Kuhonta, Phyllis Ditmars, Stewart Scriver, Mr. Walford, Mr. Gaynor, Stephen Polevoy, Bruce Taylor, Sister Adrienne.

Front Row: John Parkin, Duncan McPherson, Elaine Luscombe, Elizabeth Werner, Ann Kennedy, Heddy Kawnik, Gay Purdy.

The first few months of the year we found ourselves not knowing what to do, and for the last months wondering how we'd get it all done. The decisions on the colour and materials and print were discussed and revised and then the real worry began — what was going inside the book. Each department had its own headache — the advertising getting its ads; the photographer hovering over the college in a helicopter snapping madly; the art department had long hours on paste-ups of the pictures, as well as many illustrations; the literary department frantically gathering prose and poetry and club write ups, to say nothing of the editing and special articles.

We spent more than one Saturday or week night enveloped in copy, typewriters pounding, revived occasionally by Mr. Walford's coffee pot. All of us on the Yearbook Staff would like to acknowledge our special thanks to the masters who gave us much valuable guidance and assistance: Mr. Walford, Miss Fletcher, Miss Power, Miss Horne, Mr. Gaynor, Mr. O'Neil, Mr. Holtham and Mrs. Hughes. To Mr. Wlikie from Richardson, Bond and Wright we are especially grateful for advice throughout all stages of production.

At the time of writing, a trip to the printers in Owen Sound and a Yearbook banquet offer a future break — but our real reward will be seeing the finished product.



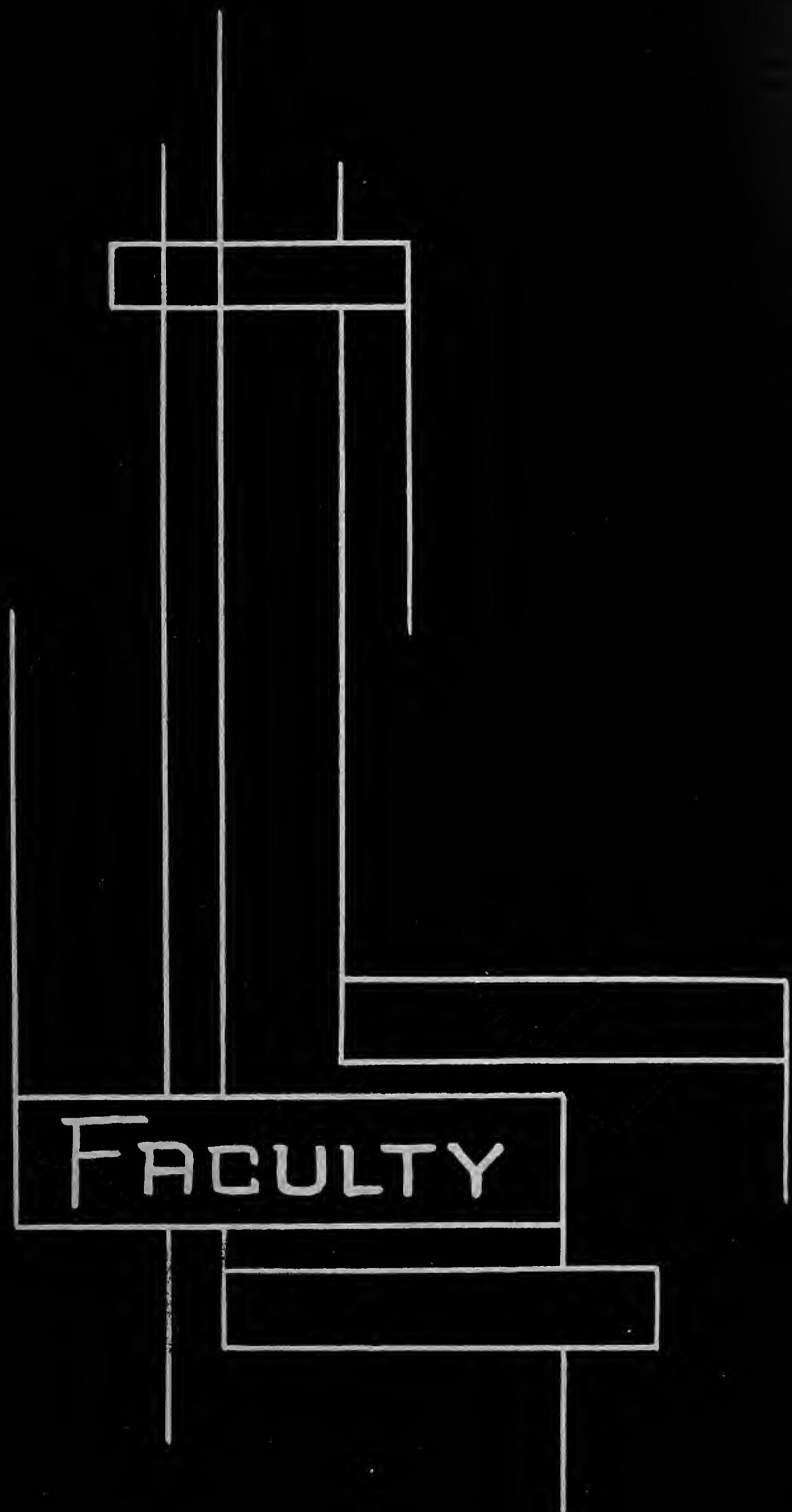
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A MAN; IT IS WHAT
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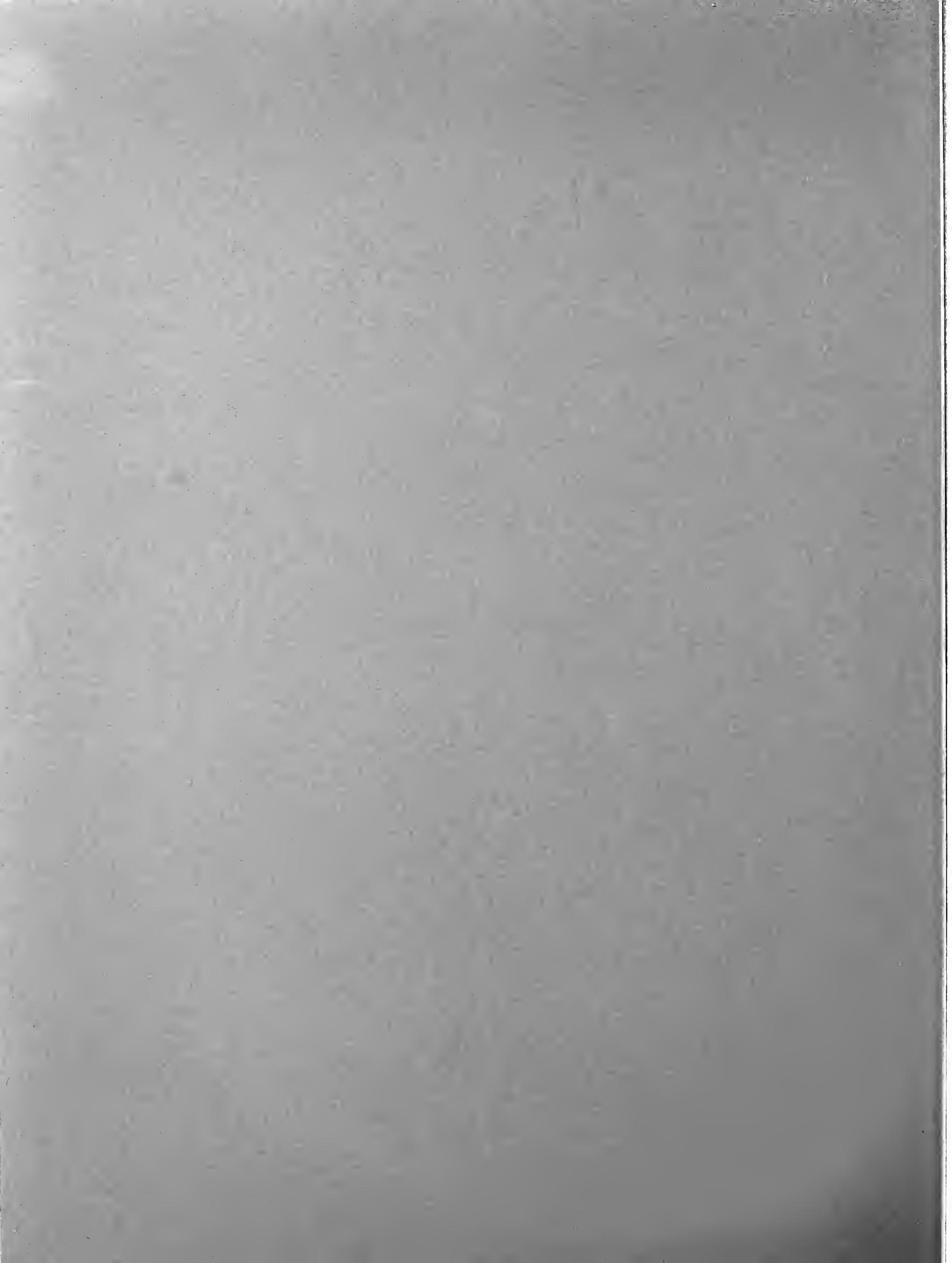
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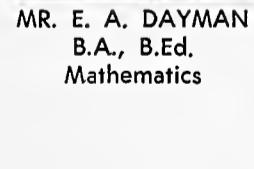
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ONTARIO PUBLIC SCHOOL MEN TEACHERS' FEDERATION



To our Associates in the Teachers' Colleges —

I expect that by the time this message reaches you, your year of Teacher Training will be nearly complete. Without a doubt, it will have been one of the busiest years of your life. Due to the brevity of your training, it will be unusual if you do not have a feeling that there are some questions concerning teaching still unanswered. In one year it is impossible to encompass all the boundaries of knowledge that are involved in teaching. The search for answers in education will absorb your whole career. I just hope that you persevere long enough to find some of them.

What are the opportunities for personal and professional growth in teaching? They are unprecedented. The danger is in staying too long in one place or in one grade. Be alert to the opportunities that come along. Be mobile in your first few years — move around and get a breadth of experience. There will be time to specialize later.

In addition to fulfilling your own individual ambitions, I would encourage you to become an active member of your professional organization. Next Fall, if you are employed by a public school board, you automatically become a member of the Ontario Public School Men Teachers' Federation. Be an active member; attend your first Branch or District meeting in September. Only by personal involvement in your professional organization can you function as a truly professional person.

On behalf of the Ontario Public School Men Teachers' Federation, I extend to you best wishes for a successful year, and may you have a long and distinguished career as a member of the teaching profession.

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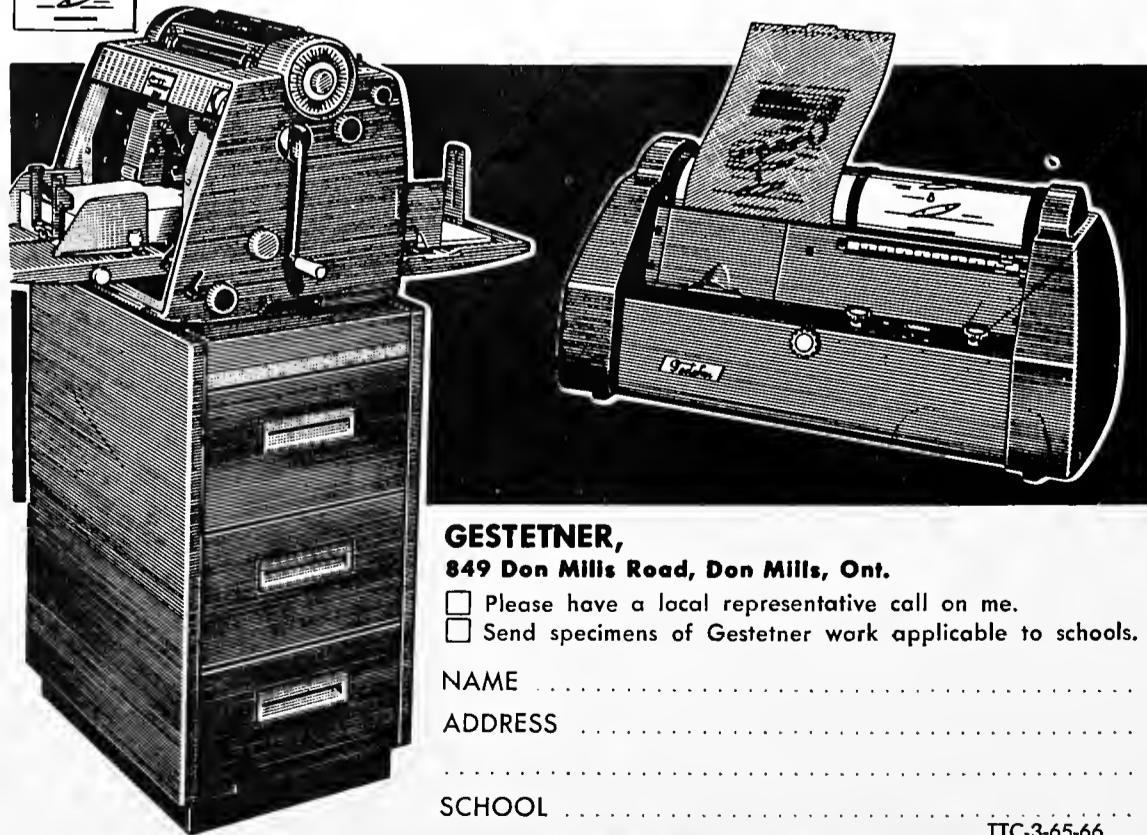
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OUR AIMS

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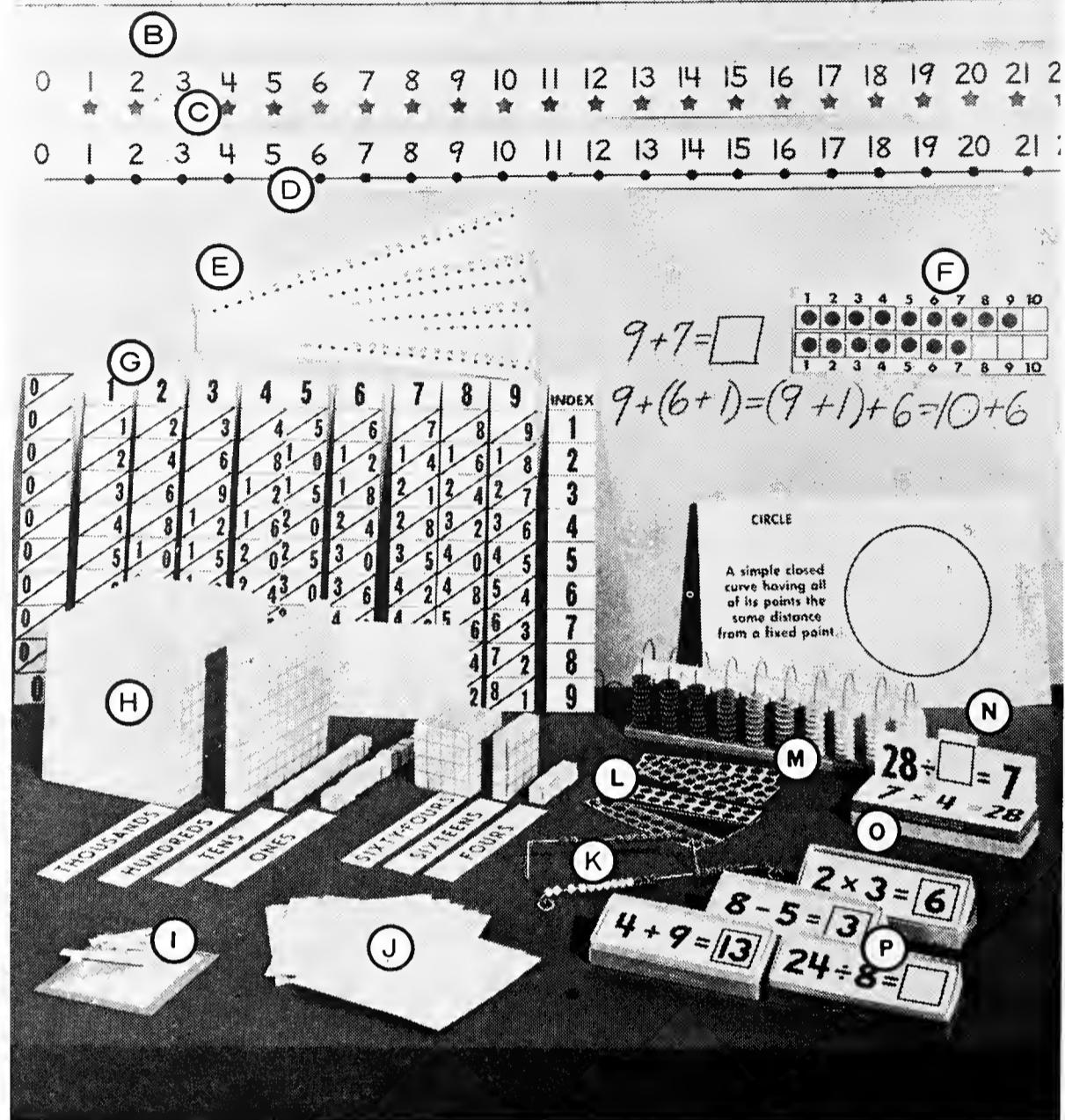
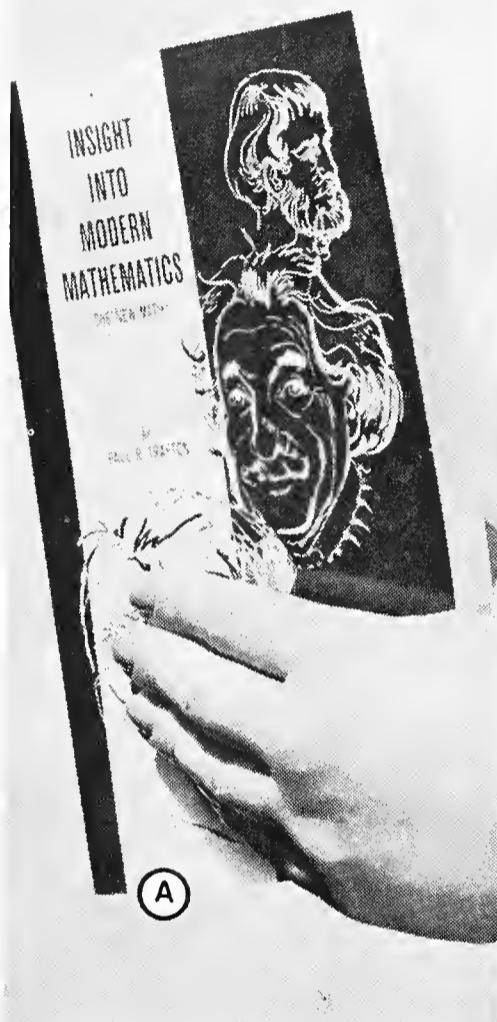
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- to participate actively in the work of the Federation which serves you.

(Miss) Margaret J. Grant, B.A., Toronto
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THE

ARTS



Dr. John M. Bennett received his M.A. from the University of Toronto and his Ph.D. from the University of Ottawa. Not the least of his achievements is the fact that he was Inspector of Separate Schools for the Department of Education for forty-two years. During that time he served in several advisory capacities in the interests of Education in Ontario. Since his retirement in 1959 he has been active as a member of the Toronto Library Board and since 1942 the Department of Reform Institutions in an advisory capacity.

An Open Letter To The Graduates of Toronto Teachers College

You are commencing your teaching vocation in a Revolutionary Era. The destructive bomb on Hiroshima changed our thinking, aroused a new sense of values and ushered in outstanding scientific and social advances. On the credit side, telestar, jet transportation, man-made satellites, computing and teaching machines, emergence of many nations, the peace corps, the spirit of involvement and the tremendous work of the United Nations. Yet mankind faces threats of atomic destruction, racial strife, sub-human existance in many nations, starvation and loss of the four freedoms. Our children will face a multitude of social and international problems. Since 1945 the changes have been terrific. What may be expected in the next 35 years can be somewhat anticipated.

So the questions which education must face are now being asked. Are children being prepared to meet the changing problems? Are their talents being developed in educational institutions to meet the demands of this new age?

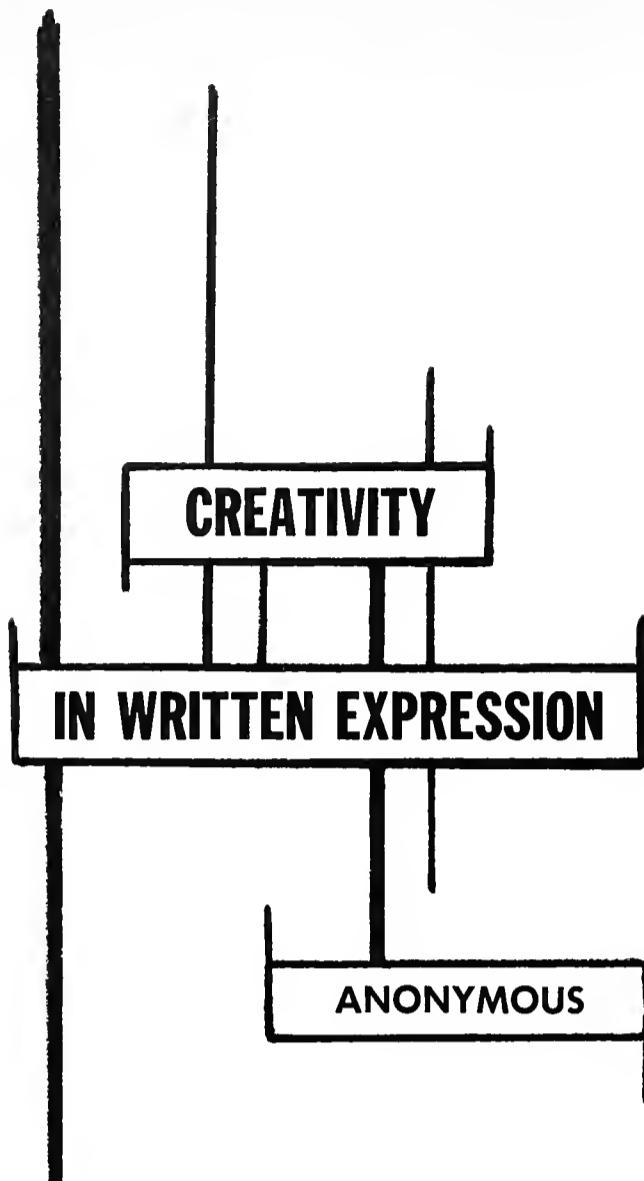
However, you must enter into the child's world. Consider yourself fortunate that your evident mission is to meet daily a growing group of eager youngsters; challenging you to advance them in goodness, self-discipline, and knowledge. Each is a distinct individual, a human being made to the image of the Creator with rights and responsibilities which you are in duty bound to respect. Each one yearns to be appreciated; needs

encouragement and thrives on it. They will love learning and have a desire for knowledge if inspired by your example. To attain success you must be definite in speech and manner, know your "stuff" and along with well planned lessons, a supply of that sense called humour.

Children are naturally full of fun, eager for action, for song, for play and even for work. So you must become involved on the playground; in the class provide opportunities for development and happiness in song, in music and in drama. Produce pupils skilled in the tools of education so they may be able to educate themselves after school years. Strive to stimulate interest and curiosity in science, health and nature. Be a fosterer of whatever God-given talents and mind and body, of heart and soul, with which they have been endowed.

Canada will need them. Guide their growing mentally with questions as they progress in thinking ability when puzzling over arithmatical, composition and language problems. Encourage the frustrated and diffident patiently. Treat kindly those from problem homes.

Above all, enlarge the mental and spiritual horizons of each child by your own youthful and inspiring manner when teaching literature, poetry and history that they may appreciate our wonderful heritage and the contribution of our pioneer forefathers.



Creativity is the basis of all human activity and its development is of first importance in education. Too often creativity is considered synonymous with the fine arts, instead it should be a point of view which permeates all learning. Creative writing is not concerned with the giving of information but with the expression of thoughts and feelings for their own sake and for the entertainment of others. Imagination and originality enter into this. Originality is an important factor; that is, the child must express his own mental or emotional reactions, not simply a report on the thoughts and feelings of others. It is well to remember that few thoughts are original in the sense that they are expressed for the first time; originality consists in the selection and adaptation of thoughts and feelings of others. Sensitivity, sincerity and conviction are involved.

Creativity in oral and written language can be then broken down into three parts; creativity and the child, the role of the teacher in creative expression and the importance of classroom climate in creative endeavors.

In order to help children we must know them. It is difficult for a child to reveal his innermost thoughts to a stranger. The building of understanding, trust, and respect is needed for children to feel free to express their dreams, their wonderings and their questionings. Creativity cannot be taught but it can be guided. One author states if you prove yourself a friend to the children and they find you worthy, they will share with you the treasures of their hearts.

A teacher must then have warm, sincere, understanding personality but more than this a high self-regard and confidence; this coupled with a sense of future will prevent conformity to the routines of the past. For

the teacher to help the child become a more creative being he too must be a creative being. He must be a fully functioning personality with positive satisfactions and he must eliminate negative, hostile thoughts and feelings which are limiting and confining.

To influence the child he must be aware of the beauties around him; the sunset, the crisp crackle of snow on a frosty morning, the pungent scent of a warm September afternoon. Perhaps more important than this is an awareness of the individuals around him and a deep sense of their worth. And most important is a striving for a higher spirit of moral and spiritual values.

What is our purpose in helping children to write and to express themselves creatively? Most will agree that writing develops the personality, gives children something to be proud of and provides emotional release. Yet most creative people are not self-starting. This is why the teacher's role is so important — to help provide the stimulation necessary for the release of ideas and words. Authorities on creative writing agree that a teacher preparing a class for writing must discuss the subject with them. Through this thought-sharing comes a deepening and widening of the stream of ideas. Strange new words and new shades of meaning of familiar words will come from this thinking together. Children do not generally lack ideas but rather the discriminating words to put them together.

Writers on the subject of creativity are pretty much in agreement that environmental conditions, which foster creativity, are those which encourage independent thought and which are permissive of new ideas. Classroom climate in which the child feels at "home" is a prerequisite for creative activities. Creative urges are spontaneous and fleeting and fragile. Fear of criticism is likely to inhibit the expression of creative ideas.

This brings up the question of evaluation of written composition. The inevitable red pencil has no place in the creative writing program. As one writer puts it "Red pencil the achievements. Pride in one's work is a powerful incentive to correct spelling and sentence structure." The question now arises, can children's writing have both freshness and correctness? Definitely yes! We must give children an opportunity to write more often. Then we will be wise to separate content from mechanics. The teacher's first obligation is to deal with content. For children in the primary grades there is so much to explore that they usually have a great deal to say and they say it in a fresh uninhibited style. Too often in the middle grades the attention shifts to mechanics, and the child's writing becomes less spontaneous and more laboured. Thus a creative program is not meant to require the manoeuvring of ideas or the moving of a teacher's idea into the pupil's head. It is simply a creating of such an atmosphere in a schoolroom that the children's ideas may grow there naturally. It means planting seeds where no seeds were and making it possible for them to grow.

Can we teach children to write creatively? Not really, but we can help children to release the creativity within that seeks expression.



It is said that drama as an art arose out of the very urge to ponder the question of human existence and destiny. The beat of this urge gathered momentum with the institution of the Festival of Dionysus and the founding of the Attic Theatre of the Athenian State.

This was the preparation for the birth of an aspect of our emotional life which has helped to clear the rushes along the path leading to intellectual cultivation. It is apparent that in each period of our history nature urges the development of a new aspect. Pulsation is felt as it uses up whatever material is available for its production. More and more material of a finer nature becomes available as we grow and mature as a human family.

Plato admitted that play and dance were the first stages of child education when he said, "Men say that the young of all creatures cannot be quiet in their bodies or in their voices, they are always wanting to move and cry out; some leaping and skipping, and overflowing with sportiveness and delight at some-

thing, others uttering all sorts of cries. But whereas the animals have no perception of order in their movements, that is rhythm and harmony, as they are called, to us the Gods have been appointed to be our companions in the dance, have given the pleasurable sense of harmony and rhythm; so they stir into life, and we follow them joining hands together in dances and songs."

Plato wanted a whole man and he said, "The use of exercise and motion in the earliest years of life greatly contributes to create a part of virtue in the soul." From Plato's time our mind drifts not only forward to form the link with the present, but backward to pinpoint earlier surgings for dramatic expression and everywhere we find movement. At one of the earliest stages recorded we are told: "Darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the spirit of God moved over the face of the waters." Creativity begins through movement. What does this process of creativity constitute? It makes new combinations of ideas and patterns which produce new relationships.

Our children today move to show how a certain sound or colour makes them feel. It is the quality of the sound and colour that they express in their own imitable way. Why shouldn't we make the utmost use of their innate desire for movement and let body movement contribute to the learning process?

A child who perhaps might not have the chance for leadership in any other area might show his movements and have others try it. His self-concept expands as he tastes success in this area. In working together children learn to harmonize their movements. Creative movements contributes to the development of personality.

By acting out situations through improvisations, dramatizing a beloved tale, or helping to create an original script, the children develop inventiveness, initiative and co-operation, which produces spontaneity. In addition, sensitivity to the beauty of language and visual design is developed.

One writer said that movement is the medium for revealing invisible things, those seen through the eye and not with the eye. Rousseau was the first to substitute activity for book-learning and his motto was, 'Let all lessons take the form of doing rather than talking.'

By allowing children to identify themselves with ideas and qualities is to lead them to understand the ideas and appreciate the qualities. To teach them to identify themselves with others is to help them understand the meaning of love, kindness, tolerance, sympathy and compassion.

What kind of classroom will you have? Will drama be accorded its rightful place and thus contribute its grace to the physical, its colour to the mind and its force to the spirit, to produce a whole man or woman?

Prodigals

Over the expanse of centuries
men have performed,
in a vomitous sea
of entrails
and mutilated carrion,
a Gory
Hateful
and Pedantic
spectacle of vivisection
far from her feet
"She stands for beauty and artistry, and
Mars
wants none of these.

Over the centuries
she has stood
a priceless —
worthlessness —
her silent and symbolic
stance;
unwilling to participate,
and contributing nothing."

But upon the exhaustion
of each pointless tragedy,
the vanquished victors
return to glorify,
as, century after century,
Venus
welcomes them
with Beautiful

Patient
and Outstretched
(if broken) arms.

WAYNE PICHETTE





EDUCATION IN THE PHILIPPINES

L. C. KUHONTA

While it is true that I was born and educated in the Philippines, I can not and do not claim to present here an authoritative nor a technical report of the Philippine educational practices. A truly complete work of this sort would take one, perhaps two or even three years of intensive survey and study. I can only give an account from a student's observation in general and from an elementary school teacher's point of view in particular.

The Philippine Educational System is largely patterned after the American system although there are still some tints of the old Spanish influence as could be found in some privately owned institutions. There are institutions throughout the country but the most numerous are in Manila, the capital city of the country. There are about 10 universities and 14 colleges in this city.

All schools are under the jurisdiction of the Department of Education with the Secretary of Education as head. The Public Elementary and Secondary Schools are directly under the government through the Bureau of Public Schools. These schools are, therefore supported entirely by government funds. The state colleges and universities, on the other hand, are partly aided by the government and partly by the students thus they are also partly controlled by the government.

The Philippine Normal College is a state college designed mainly for the education of future elementary school teachers. It offers courses leading to the degrees of: Bachelor of Science in Elementary Education, Bachelor of Science in Elementary Education, Home Economics Major, Master of Arts (M.A.), Master of Education (M.Ed.), and the Master of Arts in Teaching (M.A.T.). The University of the Philippines (the state university) is hardly financed by the government. It is supreme in its educational policies. No one but the dean of each college or department could prescribe what textbooks to use or what methods or subjects to follow except, of course (for those provided in the Constitution of the land. Of the courses offered in different colleges and universities, the longest to take is Medicine, which takes 9 years to finish. The university is governed by a Board of Regents with the president of the university as the head. It offers courses in all fields of learning such as education, engineering, medicine, law, agriculture, nursing, mathematics, business administration, social work and the arts. Degrees offered are Bachelor of Science and Bachelor of Arts degrees, Master of Arts, Master of Education, Master of Arts in Teaching, Doctor of Philosophy (Ph.D.), Doctor of Education (D.Ed.).

The elementary education is completed in 7 years, 4 in the primary grades and 3 in the intermediate grades. Free compulsory education is only up to the completion of the primary grades. English is the medium of instruction except in the first two grades where the vernacular (i.e., the dialect in whatever particular region the pupils are) is used. The subjects are divided into broad subject areas, viz: Health and Science (similar to those offered in Canada); Arts and Physical Education, Social Studies (this includes civic life, history and geography of the Philippines, neighboring countries and the world as a whole with a slant towards the United States), English (grammar and composition, reading and phonics and spelling), Elementary Mathematics, Good Manners and Right Conduct, (good breeding and social graces), and Work Education (Home Economics for girls and Wood Working and Gardening for boys). There are kinds of elementary schools in the Philippines. These are the public elementary schools (the one just described), the private elementary school and the laboratory schools. By private elementary schools is meant those schools run by private corporations and religious orders, whereas the laboratory schools are elementary schools in different colleges or universities offering elementary education courses. They are called laboratory schools because they serve as training ground for practice teaching, or in-campus student teaching. Students take half in-campus student teaching and half off-campus student teaching.

The secondary school is completed in 4 years. The subjects offered are Mathematics (that is, general mathematics, geometry, algebra, and arithmetic), History (present and past account of Philippine and American history plus neighboring countries and current events of the world), English (grammar and composition, and Philippine, English and American literature), General Science, Biology, Economics, Physics, Physical Education, Arts and Music, Character Education, Health, Home Economics for girls and P.M.T. or Philippine Military Training for boys. Each male student has to take this course the moment he enters the secondary school, private or public. Spanish is another subject that was recently added. This is only elementary Spanish, though.

Following graduation from the high school, a student may choose to continue his studies at the university and take the Liberal Arts which is a two-year preparatory course. He may, however, decide to take a course other than the university course and thus takes a vocational one.

Graduates of public and private teacher institutions can teach in the public elementary school provided they are holder of the degree of Bachelor of Science in Elementary Education, a 4-year course (except H. E. majors course which is a 5-year one) and have passed a government examination called "Competitive Examination for Teachers." All elementary school teachers in the government are provisional or temporary (in nature of positions) until they pass another government examination, a civil service examination called, "**Junior-Teacher Regular Examination**," which is given every 4 years. If a teacher passes this examination his position becomes permanent regardless of the number of years of his experience in teaching. If he does not pass

this his position becomes permanent only after teaching for 20 years, in the public schools. If he desires to be promoted to a principal's or a supervisor's position, he needs to pass, aside from the **Jr.-Teacher Regular**, the **Senior-Teachers' Regular Examination**.

The highest elementary school official after the Secretary of Education is the Director of Public Schools. The counterpart of Canada's boards of education are the

division offices. Each division office is under a division superintendent. In the division offices are the different subject supervisors or inspectors. Directly responsible to the division superintendent are the district supervisors. A district is composed of one, two or three towns depending upon the number of schools in each town. The principals and the head teachers are directly responsible to the district supervisors.

Some Aspects of Teacher Training

in

Tobago

and

Trinidad

LEWIS L. THOMAS



To the average Canadian the words "West Indian Islands" conjure up the picture of a mass of small islands somewhere down to the south to which the birds migrate in winter. To the more knowledgeable it may be associated quite rightly with the word "Caribbean", or further still might even provoke the question "which island?" In my particular case being a Trinidadian, it is the island of Trinidad. When thinking in terms of size relative to the vastness of Canada, it might be humorously pinpointed, not as an island or country, but rather as a geographical position.

After undue consideration one might be moved to ask "What is the education system like, or more specifically, "What is teacher training like?" To put the matter in a nutshell, I shall try to elucidate, yet in all humility not assuming the pretensions of a knowledgeable scribe. Since education has been chiefly responsible for our unprecedented independence, teacher training has quite rightly played a significant and important role.

There are five teacher training institutions in Trinidad and Tobago. In order to be accepted for one of these institutions a candidate must have at least the University of Cambridge and Oxford Ordinary Level Certificate Division 11 with at least five credits in different subjects. Normally a person with one of these certificates may enter the teaching profession directly, and later enter a training college if he is thought worthy by his head master or principal. Entrance is normally gained on seniority, according to how many years the person has taught, and his overall performance during

this time. With respect to the Canadian situation, it would seem quite surprising that a person teaches without having gone to a Teachers' College, and in some isolated cases up to a period of even twelve years! This teacher is called an "acting teacher" or perhaps a "monitor", yet there is a vast difference here. An acting teacher is one who has obtained his Grade two Cambridge Certificate but has not yet been chosen to go to Teachers' College, whereas in the "monitor's" case the teacher has only passed his Post Primary exams at age fifteen, and is not eligible for a High School education because of age. The Post Primary education is equivalent to a grade eight or nine education in Canada. Whereas the Cambridge and Oxford Certificate classes are similar to a Grade twelve education.

On being chosen to go to a teachers' training College, the student teacher has to sign a contract to work for the government for three years, and if the contract is broken he reimburses the government under pain of prosecution, and dependent upon the amount of time that he has worked after graduation. A situation like this arises, since teachers are paid salaries whilst going to Teachers' College, the salary being the amount of money which the said teacher was earning before entrance. This sum is paid to the student teacher during the period of training which lasts for two years. If during those two years of training he obtained \$4,800.00 then he has to repay the government one third of this sum, \$1,600.00 in default payment, having only worked for two thirds of his contract stipulation. On graduation, if he obtains the highest marks in the entire college in all departments he is given a scholarship to the University of the West Indies or to a reputable overseas University.

The curriculum of these institutions varies slightly, but basically it comprises the three P's, which are Philosophy, Psychology and The Principles of Teaching. As regards Philosophy the course deals with the doctrines of the great educators with emphasis on Rousseau, Pestalozzi, Froebel and Montessori. For The Principles of Teaching, one studies Methodology, class management, etc., and in Psychology the course deals emphatically with child Psychology. Other compulsory subjects are Physical Education, Health, Science and participation in the College sports which are held annually. Other subjects in the curriculum are Sociology, Electricity and Magnetism, Mathematics (advanced

and ordinary levels University of Cambridge), Spanish and French (at advanced levels), English Language (advanced and ordinary levels), Industrial Arts (woodworking, metal working, draughting), Arts and Crafts, Music, Social Studies, General Science, one year of Rural Science, and Geography (advanced level). Incidentally the advanced level University Certificate is considered as a first year university standing at the Universities of England, the University of the West Indies, and at some Canadian Universities.

Literary and Debating Societies are formed, and the colleges are constrained to participate in other cultural activities and games. There are teaching practices on five occasions for three week durations during which time the student teacher is rigidly supervised. Some student teachers might select in favour of special schools like those for the deaf and dumb, Schools for the Handicapped, and Mental Institutions. At the Emergency Training College, the student teachers are those who are advanced in age and who are allowed to take the only instance of a one year training programme. At Mausica Teachers' College, student teachers are constrained to live-in and the Institution provides accommodation for 800 teachers in two separate dormitories. An interesting facet of teacher training is the Monitor System. A teacher who has passed through this system has indeed been properly trained. After a pupil has passed his Post Primary Exams (Grade Eight) and has indicated that he intends to become a teacher, since he is too old to obtain a High School education, he is attached to a trained model teacher. Here he ob-

serves daily the teacher's mannerisms and methods of work during school hours, and has to go to lessons on afternoons after school. After a year he takes the Preliminary Exam Certificate I, then the following year Certificate II, until the third year when he obtains the Certificate III. If he fails, he has to rewrite these examinations until such time as he passes. The monitor is given a stipend of about \$90.00 to \$100.00 monthly until he obtains his certificate III and a raise in salary. He can then teach as an acting teacher or student teacher until he enters Training College for the two year stint and final examinations. If he wishes to specialize in Infant School Teaching (Grades one to three) the general tendency is to study the Montessori method and allied self-explanatory methods. In the Junior and Senior Schools (Grades four to eight) he studies a combination of methods dependent on the subject in question. In reading and in most other subjects classes are streamed A, B and C, and occasionally a teacher has to teach a dual grade.

A student with the University of Cambridge Advanced Level in three subjects can teach High School without training. However this is more the exception than the rule as most High Schools are staffed with degree personnel having also a Diploma in Education.

This is more or less what teacher training is in Trinidad and Tobago. It is indeed an exhaustive and systematic training and on completion one is essentially more capable to enter formal teaching "the noblest of professions, yet the sorriest of trades!"

EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM in HUNGARY

BRANKO DERONJA

Similar to our children here in Canada, the education of the Hungarian child takes place at three levels. Following a noncompulsory pre-school training, the children spend eight years in primary schools studying besides the arts of reading and writing; arithmetic, science, geography, history and a foreign language (Russian). At the age of fourteen the children have a choice. They can go to work in a state-owned factory or farm, or else return to school, an option which most of the children take since education is free and its importance very much emphasized.

At the secondary level they can enroll either in one of the "Gymnasiums" — the most popular form of secondary schools, reflecting in its name the dual principal of physical and mental training advocated by the Greeks — where the emphasis is on the humanities; or in a "Lyceum" — named after the school of

Aristotle — where science and practical subjects tend to outweigh the classics. For the even more practical minded a great variety of commercial and technical schools are available. To complete the studies at the secondary level takes only four years — as compared with the Canadian five year course — but considering that classes are held for six hours over six days of the week, it takes about as much time and effort as it does for a Grade 13 student in Canada.

Those who pursue education at a still higher level can enter one of the highly specialized and diversified university courses, where they have to study for five years to obtain the lowest university degree.

The education on all three levels is, with a few exceptions, free. Materially, that is, for the price the individual has to pay for it is high. One does not choose, but is assigned to a school or university where the cur-

riculum is strictly set without the freedom or chance to follow one's personal inclination and talent. This phenomenon is particularly prevalent at the university level. The universities are overcrowded and the doors of prestige universities or courses leading to a good position or income are open to students who satisfy the requirements of the Party; those who do not, no matter how talented, are rerouted to other universities or could be even barred from further studies. The state recognizes, just as Plato and Aristotle did, the great importance of education and sees to it that by the provision of a proper education and environment the chosen elite is conditioned to become the faithful servant of the system. Political sciences and Marxist-Leninist dogmas are integral parts of this training.

Finally, something about the education and training of the teachers themselves. The educators are trained at three levels. Those who have an early call of vocation can enter a "Pedagogical Secondary School", from where, upon successfully completing the fourth year, they obtain a teacher's certificate enabling them to teach in the lower four grades of the primary schools. The teachers of the upper four grades of the primary schools are educated at college level in the so-called "Pedagogical Upper School". It takes three years to complete this course where every teacher specializes in two or three subjects. Thus, starting from Grade 5 the children can benefit from the more thorough knowledge of specialized teachers. To teach at the secondary or higher level requires a university or post-graduate degree.

FOREIGN LANGUAGE

BRANKO DERONJA

I was about ten years old when the English language became a compulsory subject in our schools. This sudden decision on the part of the Board of Education created a great shortage of English teachers; however, this fact bothered neither the Board of Education nor the pupils. The principal would select a "sinner" from the staff, who was then given the task of teaching himself and us, the English language. We were quite happy with this arrangement, since in this way, the new subject presented no headaches. On the contrary, the English was a pleasant relaxation from the other subjects. During these lessons we entertained ourselves quite well.

When the teacher did not learn the new lesson, he would get quite indignant at the mere mention of English, and would quickly turn the conversation to a different area. He would tell us, for instance, how King Mitridat VI, who reigned a whole century before Christ, spoke twenty-two languages. He would then tell us about an old Montenegrin who travelled around the world and knew five languages, his only fault being he spoke them all with a montenegrin accent.

At times, when our teacher did learn the lesson that he was to teach us, he would inevitably begin with: "Children, you have to pay special attention to the English language. This language is not essential, let us say, if you plan to become a Minister of Internal Affairs, but if your ambition is to become a doorman in a hotel, then know that without English you cannot acquire this post." After this wise saying, he would place in front of us a well-known book, "Olendorf Method for Learning English". This book was the only textbook that existed, and from it both teacher and pupil learned English. At last, a conversation based strictly on the Olendorf method started.

Question: "The brother of your wife, does he have a bird that sings nicely?"

Answer: "Yes, the brother of my wife has a bird that sings nicely".

Question: "Isn't your aunt's sister a relative of my nephew's aunt's sister?"

Answer: "Yes my aunt's sister is a relative of your nephew's aunt's sister."

Question: "Did you see my uncle's knife?"

Answer: "Yes, I saw your uncle's knife on the bench in the garden of my aunt."

As you can see from these examples, the Olendorf method is well suited for learning the English language.

Spelling gave us the most trouble. This was a pitfall that buried not only our class, but our whole generation. It is true that other languages have difficult spellings, but somehow these looked reasonable in comparison. When English is a foreign language you almost feel that the English made it up as one of their military manoeuvres for destroying the enemy. A barb wire seems to envelope this language and any attempt to learn it is always painful. You sweat and sweat until you finally learn a phonetic rule, and then, happily, you stand in front of the teacher to recite the rule that you just learned hoping the teacher will say, "Very well, sit down". Instead, he asks you if the rule has any exceptions and if so what are they. That is about the same as when you, with the greatest of gusto, finish eating a dish of cooked peaches covered with honey and the one who serves you exclaims, "Now you must swallow this crab-apple!"

Because of these intricacies in both English spelling and English grammar, a pass in the subject was the exception, not the rule.



Of Wayne - The Problem Child

My heart reaches out
To the boy, to the shout
To the screams and tantrums
Of defiance . . .
He would not say a word,
Then hurl insults
He was heard, by those
Who didn't hear his whisper —
"Do you like me?"

Wouldn't print — yet wrote sin
Couldn't read — see the blood
The lightning and the cloud,
In the picture . . .
Never joining in the game
To him, "You all look the same."
Never asking or showing
But pleading with a grin —
"Do you like me?"

Emotionally disturbed, oh they heard
They all heard, this policeman
Demanding their obedience.
His parents were concerned
That he learn, he must learn
Like the others with the giggles,
Never trying nor replying
But imploring —
"Do you like me?"

He sat alone building houses;
Never homes —
For Cinderella, a lofty castle
Her sisters, a birchbark tent
A laugh, then contemplation
Removed to the safety of the white and the gray,
From the shadows and depths of the children at play,
Giving their hearts, help and sympathy
In this land of mosaics, willingly
In this world where all are free,
Silently praying . . . "Do you love me?"

OLWEN ROBERTS



Think, Man, Think!

L. C. KUHONTA

Nowadays it is not uncommon to see people eager to follow "what the rest believe," or the least resistant path, rather than oppose or think for themselves. They are quite satisfied to have others do the thinking for them. Some are, perhaps, too lazy to blaze a new trail, others simply have no potentiality to tap, and many are too scared to oppose lest they displease the powers that be. Thus they are ready to follow blindly and resigned to master the evils of the adages, "If you are told to jump, don't ask why but how high," and "Do what I say not what I do." To the latter group of conformists, surprisingly and disgustingly though it may seem, belong even some of the most highly educated persons in this world. It is no respector of degrees, achievement or ability; It clutches at everyone, rich or poor, learned or not.

Democracy in a supposedly democratic country is a misnomer when one reflects on the number of people who would rather conform than think. Democracy is incompatible with conformity and yet so many people who profess to be leaders of democracy are themselves potential conformists. Why is this so? Thought is difficult, conformity is easy, and dissent is hazardous. One does not have to think in order to conform. Thought appears only when one dissents, when opinions are at variance, when reasons clash and opposing sides occur. Thinking occurs when one ceases responding in the affirmative and starts contemplating, when one becomes aware of his backbone and starts using his reasons. Conformity is safe; it does not upset anything. Everything flows smoothly, good or bad, right or wrong. Of course it should not be supposed that dissension and unreasonable opposition are the same, neither should conformity (as it is meant here) be confused with anarchy. Dissent born out of sound reasons and deep thinking is diagonally opposed to total and unreasonable rejection which is negativism. Just as we owe much, as citizens, to our country, we owe much as students, to our Alma Mater. It is our duty to respect and obey both and do our best to serve them.

In a democracy, however, the people should be distinguished from its government. Similarly, the students should be distinguished from their institutions. They should stand out as individuals not as mere puppets or yes men citizens, most particularly those who are future teachers, future moulders of young minds. They should be free to express their individuality. This is necessary if our government ever hopes to produce real leaders of democracy, or strong pillars of the country. Democracy is unity not with conformity but in diversity. It is the godchild of reflection, of dissension and of thought. There is but one who could curse the claws of senseless conformity — the man who has the strength and courage to stand up and assert what he thinks is right, the man who uses his faculty and produces results, the man of integrity and of character.

We are here in this institution not only to learn the modern methods and techniques of teaching, but also (and this is equally important) to educate our judgement. Dr. Rizal, an Oriental philosopher once said, "There are no tyrants, where there are no slaves."

We Stand on Guard for Thee -

ADRIANNE CONWAY

It is often remarkable how the simplest events and circumstances and people can be thrown together accidentally to produce an indelible impression of worth! These ingredients were for me an occasion of thrilling pride in my country and of a desire to see every Canadian as thoroughly a Canadian as this little Chinese girl of nine short years!

A few weeks ago I went into a tiny grocery-shop to buy bread and other staple foods . . . (for even an adult student-teacher has to budget . . . and pass up the preferred delicacies of Danish pastries etc. for plain, good old-fashioned bread!) I had often noted before how neat and clean this little shop was kept by an equally neat and attractive little Chinese woman.

But it was her to which I was really attracted. It seemed we both had something in common — for Linda it was the joyful discovery-age of a grade four child . . . but a chore as well to meet the work requirements and sit still long enough in order to do so! For me, it was a year of chores and adjustments of another kind . . . yet, I too was living with a heart full of discoveries and joy while learning more and more each day how very little I really knew about teaching! We used to compare "notes" briefly but in a friendly manner. We had never needed an introduction from our very first meeting . . . it seemed, as it usually does with children, that such superficiality of convention is a pure waste of time.

My chat with Linda over, and my purchases made and paid for, I began to leave the shop . . . when a very well-dressed and "posh-looking" lady (I thought) entered . . . She gave me the impression that she had arrived there through sheer accident and was condescending to go ahead bravely, despite her mistake, in buying whatever she needed. I noticed that Linda seemed to have assessed the good lady in somewhat the same manner as I had . . . for she scooted out ahead of me, to play hop-scotch in front of their neat little store. Before I had left the area to cross the street, the lady came out. I noticed that she appeared to look down several miles of condescension, as she approached the little girl. Linda, who to all appearances, was not impressed and was deeply involved in a game of a more difficult kind of hop-scotch familiar only to "Grade Four's". The lady broke in on her game with: "Little girl . . . are you a Chinese or a Japanese or . . . WHAT? Without even the slightest accent, nor the slightest break in the rhythm of her hopping, the little one said: "I am a Canadian." Under my breath I added: "Good for you!" The lady walked off toward her car . . . I went home with delightful pride in my new fellow-Canadians, and Linda went right on hopping merrily . . . on her own Canadian sidewalk! Do you see what I mean when I said at the beginning that simplest events and people, added to simple circumstances can occasion a very interesting "meal-for-thought." . . . and doesn't the wisdom of little ones always confound the so-called "great ones"?

Now You See Him. Now You Don't.

JOHN McCULLOUGH

Before coming to Teachers' College I had decided, through working with different age groups, that on the completion of the college year I would like to teach a primary or senior grade. That was before my first week of practice teaching!

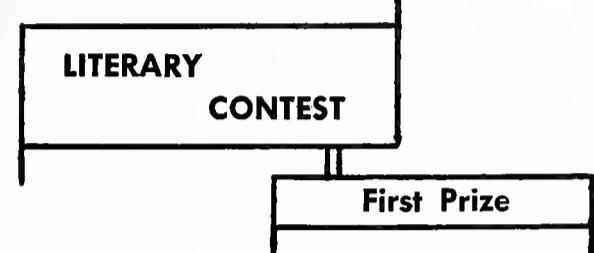
From my very first day in the grade one class I had decided that it definitely wasn't for me. The teacher's comment that I seemed to have a good understanding of this age group, did not sway me in the least but caused me to wonder if she had inferred this, due to the similarity in mentality.

By Wednesday I was a nervous wreck. I couldn't decide whether this was due to the fear I had of accidentally stepping on one of the little creatures and crushing him to death, or the continual line of students saying, "Sir, she hit me;" "Sir, he kicked me;" "Sir, will you tell Jimmy to stop pinching me?"

That night I made a resolution that no matter what happened the next day I would not let it bother me. Thursday arrived and I was assigned to take the reading groups — all four of them. Everything went fine until the "Pussycats" came up to read. They were along one side of a long table, myself being on the other side seated on those midget chairs, (midget booby

traps) enjoying, to no end, the story of "Sandy", when Peter became confused between the two words "walk" and "help". Being an understanding teacher, I realized how similar these words were and how easy it was to confuse them, and rising from my floor level chair I wrote a few words on the blackboard located directly behind me. Completing my display of phonics and penmanship, I resumed my seat and proceeded to turn, on my chair, to point the words out and thus solve the student's problem. Finding that the words were a little to the side, I tilted my chair, so as to be able to point out the words. Peter began his oration, "chalk, talk"; CRASH! In a cloud of amazement and horror the teacher and chair disappeared behind the reading table. Horror quickly turned to laughter and frivolity, while a usually pale placid face turned scarlet.

Regaining my equilibrium I peeked over the table in embarrassment to see my teaching partner in the back corner leading the chorus of laughter, which by now had spread from pupil to pupil. As I resumed my position, I happened to glance at the little girl, whom the previous day I had chided for tilting her chair, and in her eyes I seemed to read our motto, "We learn by doing."



NOVEMBER 11, 1965

On the steps
A shadow is cast,
A shadow, a memory
Of the past - - - -

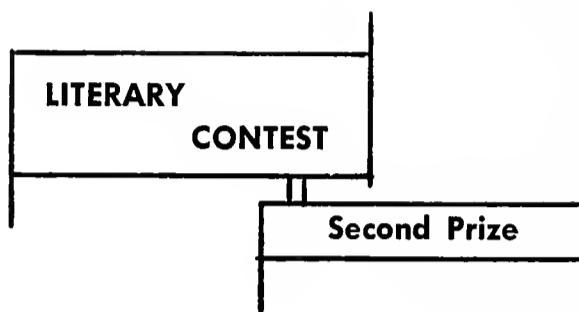
On the hill
A white cross stands,
A cross, a mark
Of troubled lands - - - -

Lighted lanterns down the river flow,
Lighted lanterns, where did the people go?
First came the bomb, then the heat,
The people melted in defeat - - - -

Poppied wreaths placed in solemn row,
Poppied wreaths, where did the soldiers go?
First were the talks, then the war,
Soldiers who breathe no more - - - -

Won't you please put down your gun
And gird yourself with thought, my son?
Think of a child, innocent and dear,
Of a child's eyes distorted with fear,
Of trees, of valleys, of lakes blue,
Of the destruction only war can do,
Of a smile, a handshake, a kiss,
Of what war does to all of this. . . .

SHARON O'NEILL FAIR



Bright Faces

These smiling faces.
I cannot help but think these
Evidence of a deeper tragedy:
A tragedy of busy loneliness;
A tragedy of memories unchangeable;
A tragedy of love indifferent.

These smiling faces.
A deeper tragedy, for
One can never know the height of joy
Without knowing first
The dungeon of despair.
I have often thought the brightest faces
Masks for the darkest hearts.

Smiling faces. Hiding tragedies.
Cannot one find answers?
A heartless handshake;
A meaningless smile;
A love without involvement.
I have often thought that the brightest faces
Masks for the darkest hearts.

These smiling faces.
Can we know their meaning?
Do we dare to question them?
I have often thought the brightest faces
Masks for the darkest hearts.

J. JONES

LITERARY
CONTEST

Third Prize

Child

Think hard my little child,
For only you can remember
When last you robbed the
Nest of her priceless jewels.

Think hard my little child,
For only you can remember
That spot in Grandma's garden
Where, with your baby feet,
You trampled golden flowers,
And did not give them
Any hope of eternity.

Think hard my cruel child,
For in this chair of judgement
You sit awaiting words from
Power's High — And, yes,
Uneasily you sit —
You sense that death is
Overtaking your weak and
Child-like body — cruel child
You can do nothing now. . . .

L. SILVER



Forgiveness

A more than trifling pain you cost me,
As I hung a moment on a thorn;
While reaching to one of life's roses,
amid the clutching brambles.
The pain, I do not say, was trifling,
At another time it could have been.

Yet in that moment you and no other plucked my arm
Had another gripped me pushing,
With Herculean force toward that bristling hedge,
It had been nothing.
But your gentlest nudge, whose word was hope,
Drove deep the troubling barb.

The sore must now be closed
For now the thorn has gone — time's tweezers
have borne it away.
And we shall once again reach out
The full-stretched arm together
To those roses deep among the briars.

B. ROWE



What Will Ye Then That I Shall Do Unto Him?

J. BRADLEY BURT

The tension was electric. A heavy and uncomfortable silence lay across the courtroom. The heat, which had been only a minor annoyance during the day, was now oppressive and sticky as the afternoon waned. A few flies buzzed angrily against the windows, and the buzzing seemed unusually loud in the silent room. No one spoke, or even attempted to speak. The whole room seemed to be waiting for some great event to occur. And every eye in the room was focused on one man, as if he alone could break the spell.

The man sat stone-still. He was staring at a piece of paper in front of him and appeared to be unaware of the great, yawning silence. He was perched on the edge of his seat, his shoulders hunched and pulled forward, his head sunk deep into his neck. His hands, tightly clasped together, twitched on the table in front of him. His sallow cheeks were drawn and gaunt, and his whole face had a grisly appearance, haggard and exhausted. He moved not a muscle, but sat in silence, alone. The heat became almost unbearable and the silence droned, so that the very vastness of the huge courtroom seemed to echo under the high domed ceiling. Then the man lifted his eyes to the judge, and every face in the room turned to follow his gaze. The judge returned the man's stare, somberly, impassively. The expectant faces swung hungrily back to the man. At last, with a sigh that was heard in every corner of the room, he pushed himself to his feet. His voice, when he spoke, was deep and terse and very, very sober. And he spoke three words.

"Guilty, as charged."

The silence vanished. Pandemonium broke loose in the courtroom, as people yelled and cheered, jumped up and down, and clapped their neighbours on the back. The man who had spoken turned to face his fellow-jurors, and their faces reflected the decision. He sat down in his place to wait for the judge to restore order. But the judge was oblivious to the noise and confusion. He sat staring fixedly at the condemned man opposite him. And behind the judge's impassive face, his thoughts ran rampant.

The esteemed judge was a short, patrician-looking man of fifty years of age. His black hair was streaked with gray above the ears. His eyes, set deeply into their sockets, were very dark, and his nose was hooked and sharply pointed. His lips were fine and cruel, and at the moment were compressed into a thin slash under his nose. He sat erect on his chair, his maroon robe covering his wiry body from neck to knees. And he

stared at the prisoner, who showed absolutely no emotion at the verdict of the jurors.

The judge was frankly puzzled. The man's conduct throughout the entire trial had been most unusual. He had refused legal counsel, had refused to plead his own case, and had countered all the prosecutor's questions with questions of his own. He had sat through the relatively short trial with no trace of emotion, and now he sat, after hearing himself pronounced guilty, and said nothing. A stranger man the judge had never met.

He had first seen the prisoner some hours earlier. Manacled to a burly guard, he had been led unprotestingly to the docket and sworn in before the judge. He was a tall, well-built man, albeit a little stoop-shouldered. His light brown hair was long and uncombed, and it kept falling down over his eyes. The eyes themselves were soft and dark, except occasionally when he spoke. Then the softness yielded to a spark which flickered deep down in his eyes, and he spoke in a gentle, yet rich, voice. His clothes were of a poor quality and were rather worn and dirty. Altogether, he looked like a man who would be supporting some fanatic movement or lost cause. And he was. The man had been tried, and found guilty, on a charge of high treason and sedition.

The judge's thoughts were interrupted as he became aware, finally, of the bedlam in the courtroom. The bailiffs were trying valiantly to restore order to the scene, but their efforts were marked by little success. The spectators were jubilant over the decision of the jurors, and they were certainly showing it. The judge picked up his heavy gavel and began pounding it on the desk in front of him.

"Order," he shouted, over and over. "I want order in this court. Bailiff! Make those people sit down."

The noise diminished, as the crowd became aware of his voice above the din. He made a mental note to have more bailiffs in court next time.

"Stop this noise," he cried again. "I'll clear the court if you don't come to order. Sit down and be quiet."

The noise ceased slowly under the pounding of his gavel and the prodding of the bailiffs. As the crowd moved back to the seats, the judge stole a glance at the prisoner. The man still sat staring straight ahead, seeing nothing. The judge shook his head in bewilderment. Never had he seen anyone so icily calm as the man he soon would sentence. He looked again at the crowd and hesitated before speaking, until all noise had died.

"This man has been judged and found guilty of his crime," he announced gravely. "He has offered no evidence in his own behalf, and must therefore be sentenced in light of the facts made known by the prosecution. This court will now have a brief recess, and will be recalled when I have decided upon the fate of the prisoner." He glanced at the man quickly, then dismissed the court. "Bailiff, remove the prisoner to his cell."

A babble arose from the spectators as the judge stood up and started for his chamber. He passed directly in front of the prisoner and looked squarely at him. And the man smiled at him as he passed. The judge's heavy eyebrows arched in surprise, for never before had a prisoner smiled at him. He continued to his chamber and pushed open the heavy, oaken door. Before closing it, he looked back at the man. A bailiff was escorting him towards the door to the jail and the judge could not see the man's face. He closed his chamber door thoughtfully. Out in the courtroom, the prisoner allowed himself to be pushed through the milling crowd and out of the room. The ghost of a smile still played on his lips, but his eyes were troubled and sad.

The judge paced the room. For three hours he had been locked in his chamber, weighing the evidence that had been presented. For three hours he had been pacing the floor, lost in thought, and for three hours he had been unable to come to a satisfactory conclusion. This was the part of his job he hated. The decision to sentence a man to death, even when called for by law, was always a hard one for the judge. More times than he cared to remember, he had so paced his room, trying to reach a decision. And many times he had gone out to tell a man that he would be executed. For one man to hold the power of life or death over another man was indeed a massive burden. He sighed deeply.

"I have to decide now," he said aloud. "There's no putting it off until later." He paused. "But why wouldn't the man defend himself?" He stopped pacing and struck a thoughtful pose in the middle of the lush carpet that covered almost the entire floor. He had shed his robe earlier, when the heat had become too oppressive, and now stood in a light smock which he kept in his chamber for just such occasions. After a minute or two, he strode to his desk, having made up his mind, and slumped into his chair. He would go over the whole thing from start to finish, review the entire story in his mind, and then make a decision. After all, the evidence usually spoke for itself. So there was really no great problem. And on that note, he fell to remembering.

The prisoner had been brought to trial, charged by the public prosecutor with sedition and high treason against the state. He had been observed, repeatedly,

trying to incite the populace and cause a riot. He had, charged the prosecutor, tried to set up a private army of followers, so that he could overthrow the government. His close associates were men of a questionable character, and none had any visible means of support. So much for the charges.

The man himself was an enigma. Not once, through the whole trial, had the judge detected any anxiety or fear on his face. Indifference, most of the time, or passivity, was all he showed. The prosecutor had questioned him for the better part of an hour, but every query was parried by a question from the prisoner. The prosecutor had failed to get one affirmative reply from the prisoner. He concluded his questioning by throwing his hands in the air, a picture of frustration and annoyance.

The judge had even talked to the man. After all the witnesses for the prosecution had testified, the man had been given the chance to defend himself. He had refused it. And the judge had tried vainly to make him change his mind.

"Are you aware of the gravity of the charges which have been brought against you?" he asked.

"I am."

"Have you nothing to say to this court in reply to these many accusations?"

"There's nothing I can say, is there?"

"That's for you to tell us, man. You've been accused of treason, of plotting against the state. Are you a traitor, or not? Explain your actions, if you can."

"I'm afraid I cannot," he whispered.

And the judge, too, had thrown up his hands in despair. There was no helping the man.

And what of the mysterious smile? The prisoner had smiled right at him as he passed; the judge was sure of it. But why? Why would a man who is all but condemned smile at the man who must sentence him? Did he want to die? The judge couldn't accept that. Nobody wanted to die. The man was obviously unbalanced. Perhaps he should be freed on the grounds that he was insane. But no, the public would not allow it. The outcry would be too great. There was no doubt that the man was unpopular with the people. Look at the crowd in the courtroom; how they had welcomed the verdict. No, the only thing to do was sentence him to death. There would certainly be no outcry over that. The man had no friends, as far as was known. They had all run off when he was arrested. The death sentence was the most sensible decision.

But the smile still bothered the judge. Had the man perhaps placed his life deliberately in the judge's hands, depending upon his sense of justice and fair

play to decide? After all, none of the evidence had been very damning. It was mostly circumstantial, and could have been trumped up. Some of the witnesses had seemed rather unsure of their stories. Maybe the man was innocent, and was counting on the judge to save him. Perhaps he had smiled to let the judge know.

The judge sighed again. That was the whole story. And now he must decide what to do. He got up to put his robe back on, and he threw his smock over his chair. Should the man be sentenced lightly, maybe given a stern warning, or should he be sentenced to death? The judge didn't want to kill him, but the people had to be considered. They were against the

man, and after all, justice is nothing more than the will of the majority. The people must be satisfied; that was important. He clasped his hands behind him and walked slowly towards the courtroom. At the door he stopped.

"Death!" he said; and on that final word, he opened the door and entered the court. Pontius Pilate had made his decision.

*And Pilate answered and said again unto them,
What will ye then that I shall do unto him whom
ye call the King of the Jews?
And they cried out again, Crucify him.*

Mark 15: 12, 13



A Poem — Ode To An Assembly

Now Bitter Bain
From the Cruel School
Made quite a dig
As was his rule
He certainly
 Had an axe to grind
 And in the grinding was unkind
 He never was
 A smoker's delight
 When in the Common Room
 He'd cause a fright
 And even on occasion
 or two
 He broke reserve
 and even threw
 A nasty look at offenders few
 When into assembly
 They lately made their way
 And went so far as to
 Curse the day
 They'd decided to throw their life away
 By choosing a career
 That does impose
 Laws, conventions and self-control.

So Bitter Bain must scour each hall
To gather those who ignore "first call"
And he mentions every now and then
 That where these few-ture itinerants teach
 Please keep your children out of reach.

SISTER M. ADRIENNE

The Lost Introverts

They breathe, yet inhabit a vacuum sphere;
Are rapt with the sickness years multiply
Not alone, but lonely
For nothingness do they see, hear;
To the mechanized eye of society
Only blips of a storm-at sea.

Some opaque; others bright
Rush to their zenith in windward flight,
But are elipsed; sunk
In their panic-stricken plight.
Only blips of a storm-at sea.

In the end — they bend, kneel; pray
While God's Gift to the world has a holiday.
As effigies in Nadir they hang, trembling; bleeding
Great God, there — a soul fleeting.



KATARIKA /
FALUKHWAH

With Apologies To Plato

SISTER ADRIENNE

The dictates of reason scream out against visible evidence, that logic be restored and humanity be delivered of the onus of this disgrace.

Yet justification speaks on the lips of every Sophist. He is one who expounds the teaching of Plato — that the cow in your backyard could be your grandmother. The fly that you just swatted with evil delight or that nasty little moth, could very well be your next of kin.

Please don't leave my dear readers; do not rip this page from under your eyes, but bear with me while I pursue this platonic theory. It may be of major import in explaining the "why" of our chaotic society.

Have you ever been crushed, cabined and confused by thousands of hysterical maidens? Have you ever had the traumatic experience of being wakened by several hundred living strings in the form of twanging guitars accompanied by the usual pulsating drum-beat? If you count yourself among the musically indigent set, then you have every reason to regard my theory dubiously. Moreover, if you have never been plagued by, visualized or clued-in on the Beatles, you are then sorely devoid of a basic platonic principle.

The very presence of these four élite insects consolidates the belief that the spirits of the dead come back to life in a variety of forms according to the amount of merit they have accumulated in their first life; (with every apology to Mr. Walford too!) Never before has man been so cognizant of this fact since the birth of the Beatles. Who is to say that they are not half-man, half-insects, half-wits, half-beatles?

Exact it from yourself to treat every bug, every plant, every stray cat with utmost gentility and magnanimity! Let every week in your life exemplify a Be-Kind-To-Animals-Week. Raise your standard of animal-kindness to the highest degree. Do not shun the high-spots featuring such artists as the "Rolling-Stones," the "Walruses," the "Lily Pads" and other such illustrious groups. They may be of an extraordinary high calling. The ant you save may be your uncle!

This is only the beginning of the beginning. Before dear Plato rolls over in his grave I must discontinue this report and resume investigation on the validity of my assumptions. Wait! Don't smash that Beatle record until you read this report once more.



Wuthering Annex

GAIL PENDLEBURY

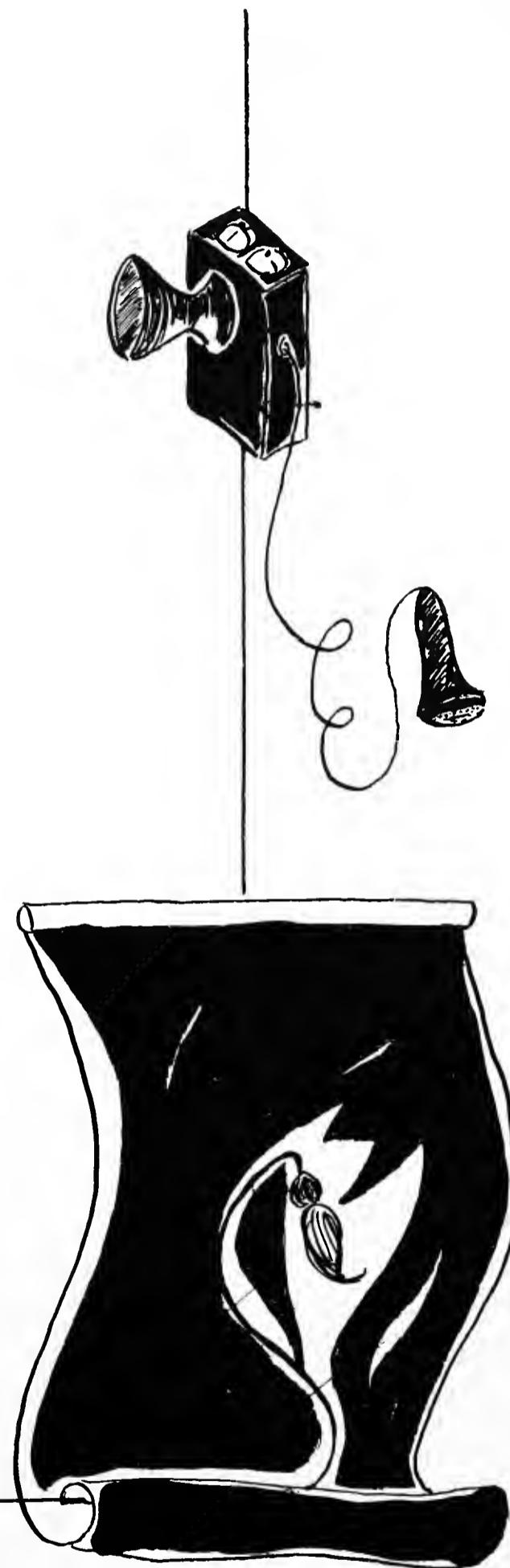
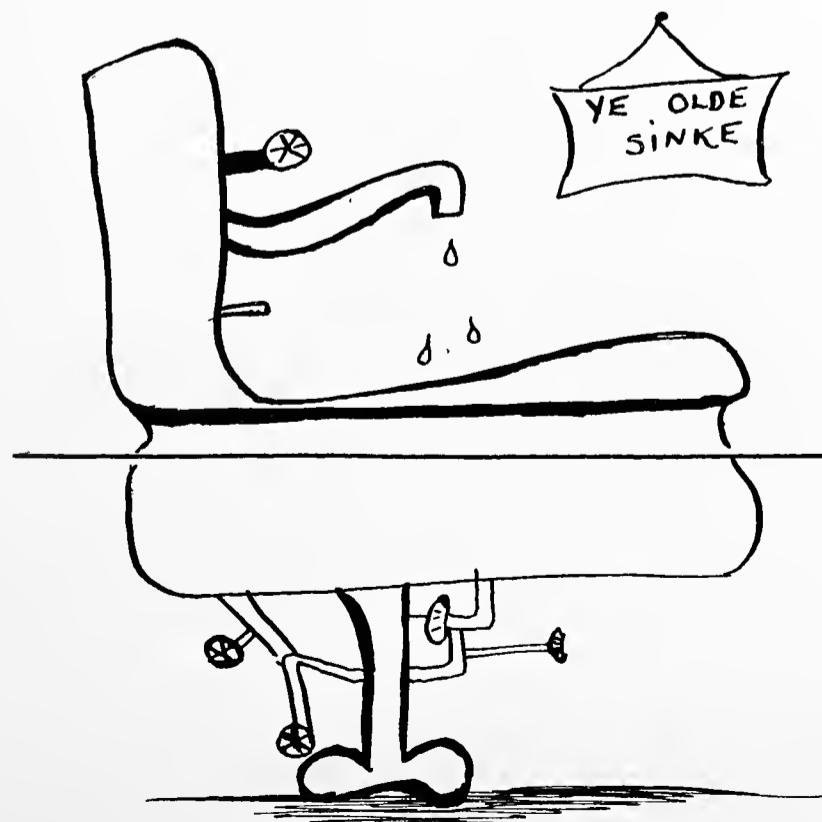
"In sooth, I know not why I am so sad." This strange, sad feeling seems to come over me and my classmates as we make our way toward the annex. It could not be that our next class is to be held in this specimen of architectural genius, for neither rain, nor snow, nor hail, nor any inclement weather whatsoever keeps us from taking refuge in this abode to sip the wines of knowledge.

The rooms have educational value in themselves. Take, for example, the telephones which were donated by Mr. Bell himself, just after his marvellous invention was discovered. And who could forget the clock in the History and Philosophy room which surely must be an invention of the early Greeks. Let us not forget the pea green blinds that give a swirling sound as they wind and unwind, nor the rhythmic sounds which come directly from the radiators and I suppose originate somewhere from the "fire down below." Surely the rooms have an atmosphere conducive to learning.

Any resemblance between these and a medieval prison is purely coincidental. Surely the pale walls were meant to give the impression of cleanliness and not to depress the inmates who have their lockers situated there. The cells, or pardon me, lockers, although neatly built in rows seem to form a labyrinth of tunnels which when one first encounters them, seem to cause some confusion as to how one should escape from them. One could not ask for a more inviting habitat.

On top of all these we have a few special accessories in the annex. Mr. MacKay would never let us forget his antique sink which he informs us is a relic donated by some descendant of Mrs. Noah. Mr. Harrison, on the other hand, would be the first to praise his spacious blackboard which is constructed in such a way that it can be flipped over to give double the writing space. And then there is always the display corner on the second floor in which we display our lively arts. This corner contains a large prehistoric hardwood table which has a design consisting of letters which spell out mysterious messages. All these things give the annex a flavour of its own.

Every society has its architecture to represent its aspirations. Greece has the Parthenon, Italy has the Leaning Tower and we have the annex.



Farewell

These are the days of farewells, days wherein
A distant sadness spreads a calm and lends
A new awareness, touching long surveyed
Scenes with uncommon beauty, as if all
The landscape knew that soon it too must fade,
And fading soars to unsurpassed heights,
The longer to be cherished. Once more here
Amid the waving grass of these high slopes
Or deep in shady fern lined glades where all
The towns metallic din is hushed and heard
No more. See my native countryside,
Forever lovely and beloved, though ne'er
With such full heart as now. Beyond
The hills the skyline stretches, blue from pole
To pole, save for one solitary speck
That moves slowly across the wide expanse,
Glittering softly in the morning sun,
While in the dancing shadows of a dell
A hidden sparrow sings, The pure notes float
Along the air, inducing overtones
That of a sudden flood the heart. This heart
Of mine, uplifted by a joyous sense
Of something vague and beautiful, a life
Within, about, beyond, that warms the earth
And swells the breeze, and holds the very hills.
Steadfast. And all at once the mighty truth
Of lifes unutterable vastness looms,
Within the whelming soul, and then is gone,
Gone with the rustle of a leafy bough,
Lost to the clutching mind of man, and yet
Withal the warmth remains, though vanished be
The source. For in this fleeting glimpse of truth
Is life, and hope, and strength to live above
The battle. Even as the eagle soars
Disdainful of the huntsmans aim and dives
In careless disregard so have I learned
To look beyond man's selfish greed, and all
Hypocrisy's long frozen smiles to new
Horizons, calm and pure, where beauty dwells
With solitude, where Nature sleeps beneath
The trees, and breezes lisp a lullaby.
The golden sun is glancing down upon
A sparkling stream, and every sparkle seems
To me a diamond wherein shines my soul.

THE WEST INDIAN

The Warrior

Millions knelt and prayed
And heard their children cry
Amidst the storm of hate in Hitler's raid.
They looked to you. Your voice rang out. That is why
An ideal lives and we are free.
You cried when France gave up her fight.
Courageously you led on so we
Could live in liberty's fair light.
It is not easy to be a great man. You know that
But now your sweat is passed
Be proud in victory and,
Unconquered, sleep in peace at last.
Tears unheeded fall, for you left dawn,
Sleep well; in us your spirit lingers on.

SHARRON BLACKMORE

How Many Words . . .

How many words have passed through your lips?
laughing words, crying words,
angry words, tender words
words of confusion, of reason, but words . . .
How many aromas have flirted with your nose
enticing, fragrant, beguiling?
How many odours have made you wish
you had no nose at all? but still you have . . .
And sounds,
sounds floating through your ears
drifting one along the sea,
flying peacefully as a bird.
and then
the noise that commands you to the ground
with a thundering crash 'till your very ears
are about to explode.
the sound of love in a voice
the sound of a baby's first cry
the sound of a rocket's ascent . . .
the sound of feet marching to war
the sound of an old man's last moan
the sound of silence . . .
And what do your eyes behold?
blue of sky, red of rose, brown of eye
smile of pleasure, tear of sorrow, grimace of
prejudice,
a book's printing, a picture's colour, a film's
story . . .
a flag, a cross, a gun
a white cane . . .
and what have you touched?
where have you walked?
and what will you say, smell, see, hear, touch
tomorrow
and where, yes where, will you go? . . .





Docendo Discimus

Come — let us learn to teach,
The walls of ignorance; the bars of bias breach.

Come — let us take young hands
And guide young minds thru' distant lands
And near; join in wonder of Spring's bursting green,
Surprised anew by secret stars unseen.

Rejoice with them o'er a new found word,
Swing from the classroom with the studied bird;
Swim with newly widened eyes the teeming brook,
Unfold vast vistas from one small book.

Give eyes and ears an ever-growing reach,
And delight in the daring of new-discovered speech.
When Music soothes — speak soft and sing
Softly — so skipping notes their own sweet magic bring.

Stride the still warm trails our settlers blazed
Fleeing Evil whose greed whole cities razed.
Walk the ancient paths where Holiness trod,
And lift enlightened souls to touch the face of God.

Join us then to set young hearts to yearning
For this Way of Wonder — This gay Adventure —
Learning.

J. CHARLES BALFOUR



Night Sounds

Sounds of the night,
The shrill hoot of a distant whistle sharp
Against the lesser sound of the rumbling
train
In the background of resounding silence.

The cricket close at hand
Ticking his mournful call to the wind
That slowly moving lends breath to the
blades
Of waving grass, so they whisper and
Wave to one another.

The road's dark dusty surface lies
shattered
Broken by the bright beams of the street-
light
That beside the Maple stands, silhouetting
the branches,
Giving the road its leafy shapes in light
and dark.

The chortling brook gurgling in clear
tones
As rounded stones disturb its path
Makes complete the symphony of night
sounds.

B. ROWE



A Flower

A flower is like a thought
Of beauty, bound and caught
In fragrance for an hour
A thought is like a flower
The slightest flower seems
More read than thoughts and dreams
Which are but trifles less
Than airy nothingness.

And yet our thoughts contain
What power for joy or pain
Space has not the extent
to hold their increment
Thoughts fly yet have no wings
And outlast solid things
A thought of love maybe
Man's Immortality
My love is yet a whole
Unfoldment of a soul.

THE WEST INDIAN

Spring Lyric

Vernal melodies sweetly strumming,
On the pussy-willow's lyre,
Soft breezes round the windows humming,
And the spring sun's growing fire.

Magic freshness, sudden greening,
Grass like colours never seen,
Marks old winter's hidden landscape,
With blades that n'er before were seen.

B. ROWE



Dawn

B. ROWE

The wood thrush throstled a wispy thin plaintive melody off in the pale grey darkness, and the chittering squirrels chipped busy little work signals at one another, while the pale eerie tree phantoms of the forest stood their guard in mist-wrapped silence. A crow squawked harshly, sharply, once. Faintly in the distance, a loon laughed, fresh from diving; a fox barked quickly as he pursued his breakfast hunt. The forest was awakening to another day.

Standing blinkey-eyed and grinning, the youngsters stood on a rock at the lake's edge, expectant of the new day. Shivering in the chill dew, they plunged quickly in rotation to the haven of the warm waters of the sullen blue lake beneath — four morning-fresh silvery bodies darting downward through the crisp morning air. Splashingly they paddled, laughing, and sprayed each other with their hands, treading water the while. Refreshed, they drew themselves up slitheringly to the rough rock at the water line, to watch the red glow in the east grow across the dead-washed cloudiness of the sky. Their talk was idle chatter — the response of young health to life. Busier lives might let it pass. Let's listen.

"How'd ya like that keen otter cub we saw yesterday, eh? Did I ever get a kick out of it, when his ma paddled him!"

A freckled tow-head replied, throwing the sopping hair back from his face: "Yeah, but could he ever swim fast. Boy, first they'd be at one bank, and in nothing flat you'd see them come up over at the other. That was a pretty nice trout the mother got, too. Over a foot, I'd say . . ."

Just then a third member of the group suddenly pushed him, and he found himself half-hurtling, half-diving back into the morning waters. Wetly regaining speech, he spluttered, "Hey, watcha think you're doin', you, Sandy, . . . Wait till I get you . . ."

In the slippery struggle that followed, conversation was a few sharply emitted grunts as the exertion sent all four with rhythmed loud "kerplunks," back into the tempting element, the last being pulled from a precarious footing by the last effort of his not-to-be-outdone wrestling mate. A hastily suggested race hurtled them along to a huge rock face some fifteen yards down shore and back, and sent them panting to find their towels where they had flung them at the bank.

Winter Lake

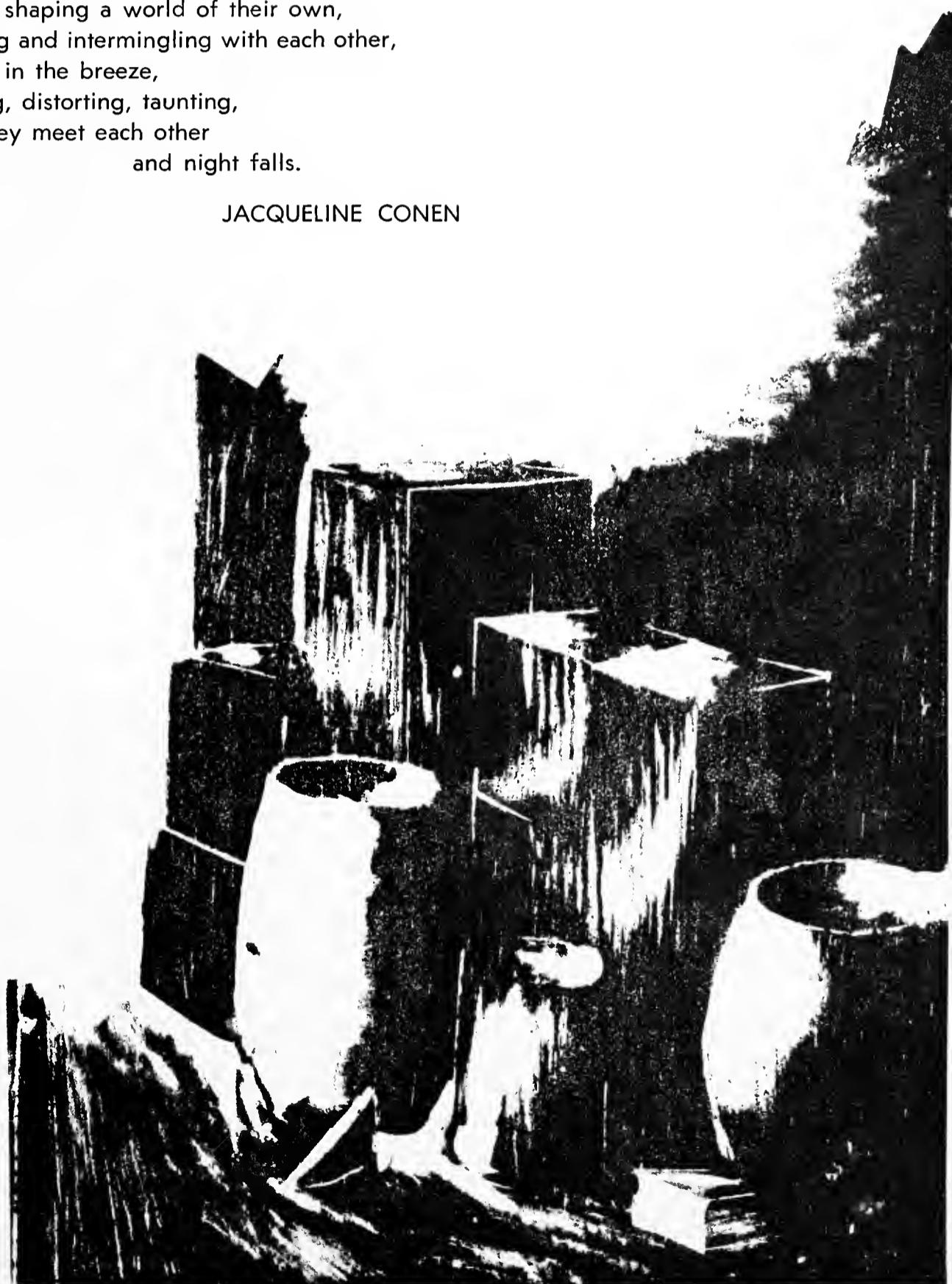
Six gliding gulls the winter lake outgleam,
While hundreds more slate blue and silver white,
Proud throng an ice ringed bar not far from land.
Bold old squaws call and dive. Long gone are they,
Before their cries greet surface once again.
Where mallards plunge sleek heads and safely tip,
To sport squat orange legs on bosoms gray.
Beyond the prideful gulls, the patient waves
Slide in, and bring wet gleanings to the land,
Where sharp, ice filled, the waves have scoured the step
Of flooded golden sand. And pebbles jet,
Pale blue and red, form broad adjacent band.
Here lie soaked logs, strange shapes bereft of bark;
Lake beasts are they ashore? Snared wicker writhes
And wails wind-torn, loud pleading to be free,
From cruel entrapping ice and lake debris.
The cold wind grows; the brave ducks sail away,
And dark becomes the sky as seagulls fly.
The logs, more sure as falls the eerie night,
Seem beasts that wail, and lonely mourn the light.

GEORGE RUTHERFORD

Shadows

Deep in the dusk of trees,
Or by the river slow,
Dwell graceful shadows,
Forever shaping a world of their own,
Mingling and intermingling with each other,
Lurking in the breeze,
Creating, distorting, taunting,
Until they meet each other
and night falls.

JACQUELINE CONEN



Homecoming

From far away in the dark continent's
deepest clime,
Lodged for seeming ages of slowing,
passing time,
Engaged in work to serve their Lord
sublime,
The Dirkses come.

Bathed in sunlight all year round,
Sucking succulent citrus fruits
pound after pound,
Languishing under breezy palms,
breathing whispering sound,
The Dirkses slave.

Spreading the gospel to and fro,
Teaching the natives swift and slow,
Sending tracts the jungle
fields to sow,
The Dirkses print.

Winging north to Europe's temperate
clime,
Breezing swiftly over mountain,
lake in swiftly passing time,
Flying over Atlantic's blue-draped orb
sublime,
The Dirkses come.

B. ROWE



Patch, Infinite

It is the pose of hate;
Lonely, pallid, bleak,
A dark obscurity gray,
Cancerous, a lung patch. . . .

Sow your thread,
Empty the spool,
Reap the wheat,
Let gold become brown,
And the patch has come. . . .

The path is etched,
The glass cracked,
The noise is gutted,
The silence is shattered,
The air is a patch. . . .

The grass became mud,
The wheat is green,
The fertility aborted,
And the garden a patch. . . .

The light is gone,
Left fumbling in the dark;
The match is powderless,
Glory assumes passion,
Walls loom up and crumble,
The shadows die,
And only the dust penetrates
The vacuum of the darkness,
The aftermath of hate,
The berth of timeless escape.

Oh the light. . . .
Blinding. The eye needs a patch. . . .

RALPH NUSSBAUM

Ode

From the Pacific, he returned a hero
The people voted; he was their new chief.
His words: "Ask not what your country can do for you,
But what you can do for your country," stirred a nation.
At two score years, he was success.
She whirled her skirt, and snake eyes showed his lot.
With all ease and quickness of the guillotine
Three shots rang out in Dallas.
The man died as the spirit quit his shredded body.
And who remembers Calvary?
The manner was different; the result the same
The light, the way, and the hope was ended in a puff.
We are still the wandering entelechy
Searching without eyes, hearing without ears.
She twirls again; the act is consummated.

BOB ROCKS

Vous Etes Bienvenue

ROSA M. McCLELAND

Four months had passed since we left the little railway town of five hundred people with its twelve nationalities, its bilingualism and its two major religions. It had been an exhausting year teaching Grades five to ten in one room — thirty assorted boys and girls, brothers and sisters, friends and enemies. We had experienced all its moods, all its seasons — except one — summertime.

Early in the previous Fall of 1964, before Thanksgiving, the coloured leaves clothing the majestic trees, sentinels along the wild rough road, had fallen. The Indian Summer, referred to hopefully, never fully materialized. Days grew colder, snow fell and froze where it fell. . . . Snow drifted and piled ten feet high. . . . The road out of town became a nightmare. Two weeks before Christmas we travelled along a glacial road, piloting four trusting but neglected children to the optometrist, seventy miles per hour, the car tilted at a horrifying angle on the unbelievably torturous, rural road.

New Year's came, and the temperature fell to forty below — hydro was cut off — the main street was on fire — not once, but twice! Everyone mourned the loss of a restaurant, the post office, a hotel, a bank, a warehouse, a pool room and a liquor store. Half the town had burned down. We learned to live with the small flies, large flies, black flies and mosquitoes. Children caught fish, demanded hikes, picnics, ball games, field days; the battle with the elements, both human and natural was drawing to a close.

July 1965 came, and home at last! Toronto. City life. All the conveniences! Cold reason was re-established as was the eternal fight for financial survival. We renewed contacts and planned for the coming Fall. There was a shoemender downtown, a hairdresser in the next street, mail delivered, movies and theatres winking their neon lights. Toronto is a city where the struggle-toughened, ambitious Northerners come and plough

their keen, deep furrows. They are the second and third generation pioneers from the great little towns of Ontario. We may look around and see the result of sacrifices made by hundreds of parents in the name of Education. School for their children was often in another town, paid for with hard work and years of separation. Ontario's big cities are nourished by the talent flowing from the North. It comes in a constant stream of highly motivated humanity — lawyers, doctors, politicians, nuns, nurses, and teachers.

A return visit to the little town "up North", was for us a thing of warmth and pleasant memories. Snow fell in October as the train hissed into the station at six in the morning. Breakfast, followed by talk, news, people dropping in. D — who now had a dark, unwanted beauty instead of awkward untidiness, was doing her best in high school, her brother was secure in a job, and looking contented. Enquiries, greetings, warm handshakes — mature comments on Grade XI lessons. B — the brilliant fugitive from responsibility, now a pleasant-speaking student living away from the temptations of the gang. Girl Guides — the new captain — the teacher of the Junior Room — M. Le Curie — all old friends. Old opponents now welcoming, and holding the flag of truce. How love wells up unsuspected from the heart. Where did it all start? Was it in the battle over algebra, geometry, methods, curriculum? Was it in the struggle for discipline and order, beauty and creativity? Maybe in the grudging acknowledgement that tradition should yield to progressive methods, and a subject-centered curriculum move toward a child-centered one.

Whatever it was, wherever the heat had touched, it had synthesized and the children had grown emotionally and socially. A mother cannot feel more delighted than a teacher does when a child becomes an independent, well-motivated pupil on the way to useful citizenship and this had happened the way we secretly hoped it would!

"Teachers Thou Shalt"

These rules for teachers were posted by a New York City Principal in 1872.

1. Teachers each day will fill the lamps, clean chimneys and trim wicks.
2. Each teacher will bring a bucket of water and a scuttle of coal for the day's session.
3. Make your pens carefully. You may whittle nibs to the individual taste of the pupils.
4. Men teachers may take one evening each week for courting purposes or two evenings a week if they go to church regularly.
5. After ten hours in school, teachers should spend the remaining time reading the Bible or other good books.
6. Women teachers who marry or engage in unseemly conduct will be dismissed.
7. Every teacher should lay aside from each pay a goodly sum of his earnings for his benefit during his declining years so that he will not become a burden on society.
8. Any teacher who smokes, uses liquor in any form, frequents pool or public halls, or gets shaved in a barber shop will give good reason to suspect his worth, intentions, integrity and honesty.
9. The teacher who performs his labours faithfully and without fault for five years will be given an increase of twenty-five cents per week in his earnings providing the Board of Education approves.

Down By The Riverside

B. W. ROWE

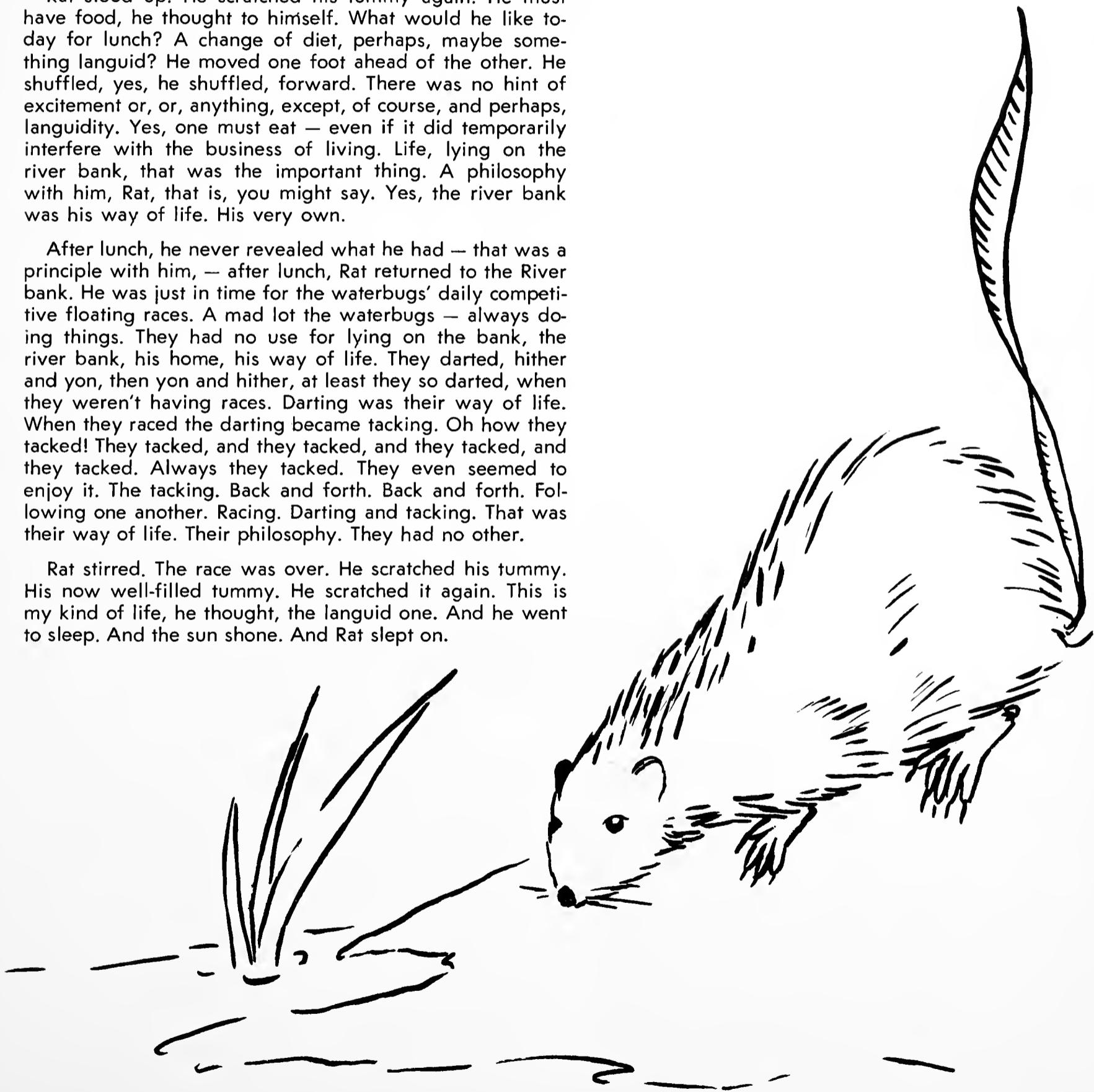
Putting on a smug look, Rat turned himself over languidly on the sun-warmed river bank, and scratched his tummy. His was a languid way of life. The more he thought about it, the more languid it got. Languidity suited him, he reflected. It always had, and it always would.

Just then, swimming on his back, nonchalantly, a fellow muskrat waved to him from the stream as he feathered with his other paw. He nodded back, with what might be described as a languid, yes, a languid nod.

Rat stood up. He scratched his tummy again. He must have food, he thought to himself. What would he like today for lunch? A change of diet, perhaps, maybe something languid? He moved one foot ahead of the other. He shuffled, yes, he shuffled, forward. There was no hint of excitement or, or, anything, except, of course, and perhaps, languidity. Yes, one must eat — even if it did temporarily interfere with the business of living. Life, lying on the river bank, that was the important thing. A philosophy with him, Rat, that is, you might say. Yes, the river bank was his way of life. His very own.

After lunch, he never revealed what he had — that was a principle with him, — after lunch, Rat returned to the River bank. He was just in time for the waterbugs' daily competitive floating races. A mad lot the waterbugs — always doing things. They had no use for lying on the bank, the river bank, his home, his way of life. They darted, hither and yon, then yon and hither, at least they so darted, when they weren't having races. Darting was their way of life. When they raced the darting became tacking. Oh how they tacked! They tacked, and they tacked, and they tacked, and they tacked. Always they tacked. They even seemed to enjoy it. The tacking. Back and forth. Back and forth. Following one another. Racing. Darting and tacking. That was their way of life. Their philosophy. They had no other.

Rat stirred. The race was over. He scratched his tummy. His now well-filled tummy. He scratched it again. This is my kind of life, he thought, the languid one. And he went to sleep. And the sun shone. And Rat slept on.



Quiet Bite

The snack, in fact,
You gave me back,
Smacks nicely of
Quintessence.

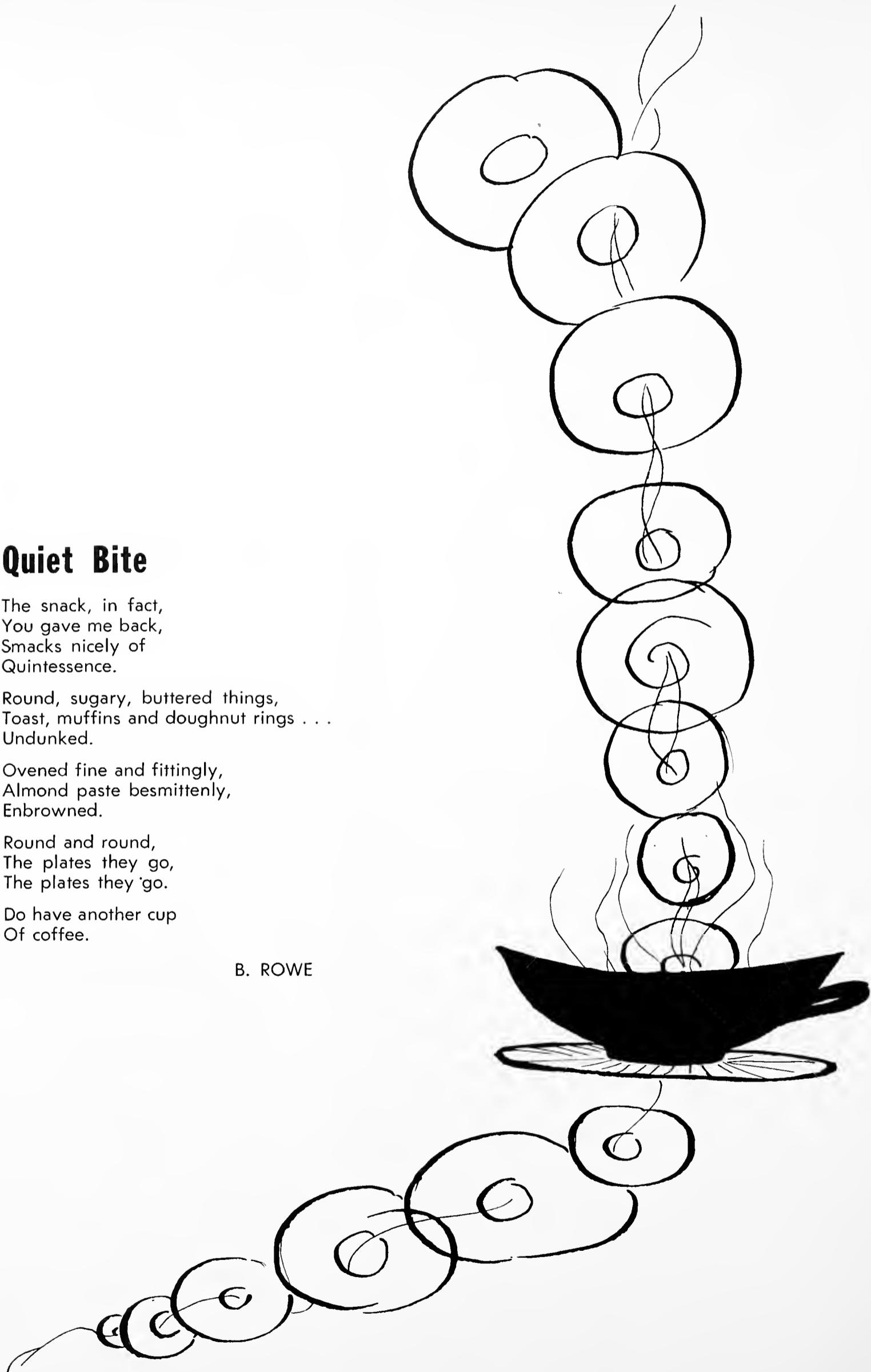
Round, sugary, buttered things,
Toast, muffins and doughnut rings . . .
Undunked.

Ovened fine and fittingly,
Almond paste besmittenly,
Enbrowned.

Round and round,
The plates they go,
The plates they 'go.

Do have another cup
Of coffee.

B. ROWE



Guess Who?



1.



2.

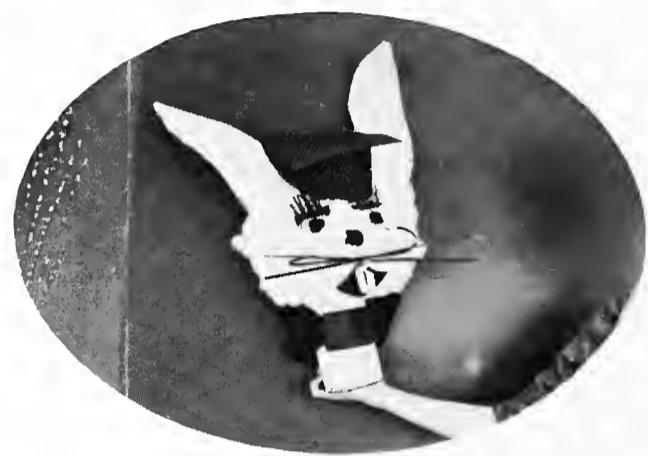


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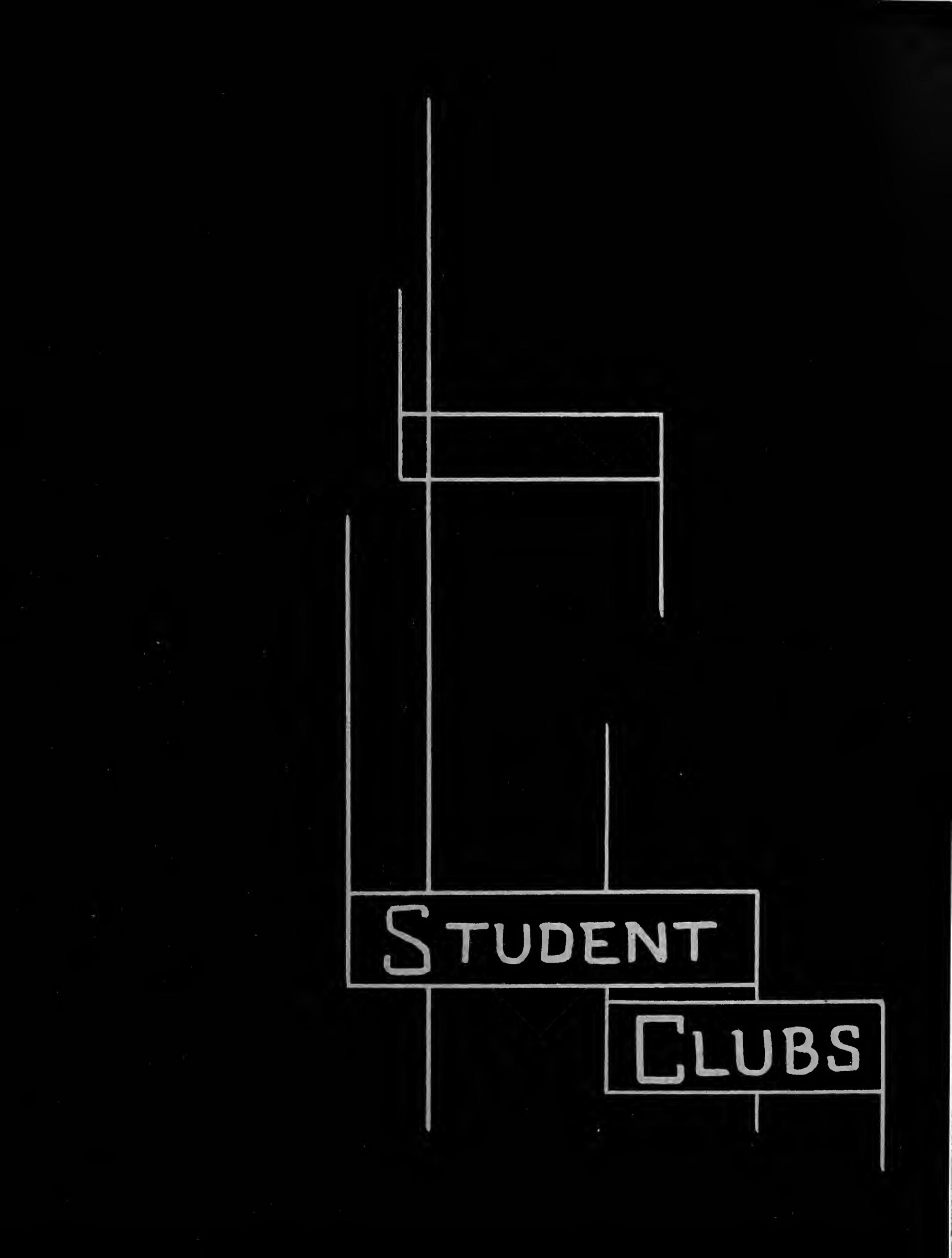
3.

Answers on page 83.



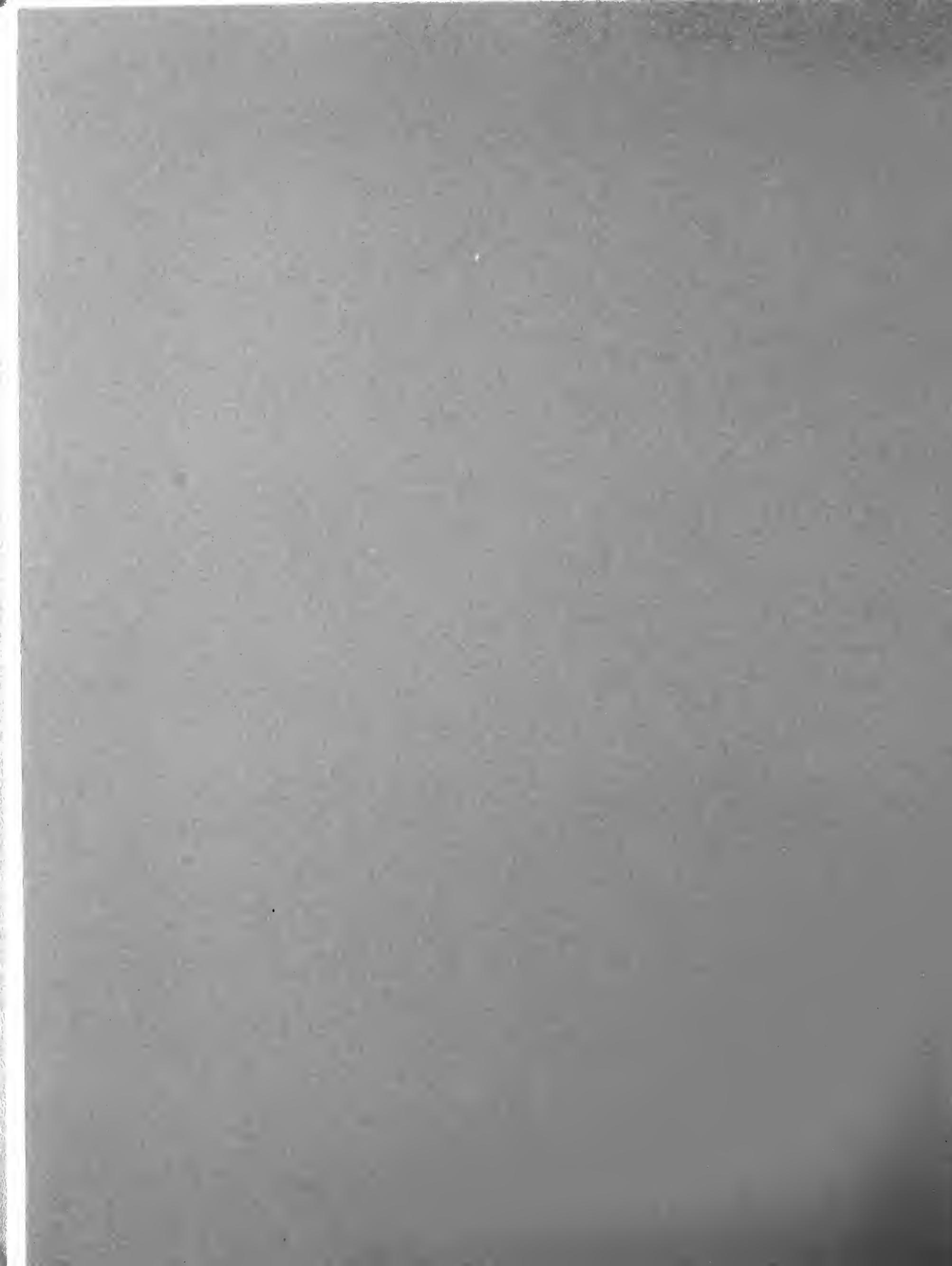






STUDENT

CLUBS



Athletic Society



FRONT ROW: Miss Dick, Kathy McGuire, Susan Schmidt, Brenda Martin, J. M. Clark, Cathy Resentera, Dorothy Jarvis, Barbara Van Otter, Tim Miner.
MIDDLE ROW: Mr. Lipischak, Mr. Mergl, Bernard Licare, Bruce McIntosh, John Peters, Allan Squires, B. Emes, Mr. Bingham.
BACK ROW: Mr. Fair, Mike Black, Dennis Yashimata, Thomas Ryan, Dave Currie, Don Heenan, Brad Burt, Mr. Archibald.

The Athletic Society with much enjoyment, completed a highly successful year. Individual athletic representatives under the guidance of Miss Stanley, Mr. Fair and Mr. Bingham devoted much time and energy to the year's athletic program.

The volleyball schedule was climaxed in the fall by an oft-exciting, always entertaining Windup Night. The exhibition game between the Masters and the Athletic Society was the highlight of the evening . . . victory was seized by the Masters with seconds re-

maining. The dance following the game was well supported by the students.

Mid-winter brought the home-and-home series with Lakeshore Teachers' College. T.T.C. emerged as the winner and now hold the coveted and breathtaking Farbainwell Trophy, shining symbol of supremacy on the athletic field of honor.

The Athletic Society expresses the hope that they have added challenging fun to this year at T.T.C.

Athletic Executive

Treasurer, Vice President, President, Secretary, Programme Manager, Equipment Manager.



Student's Council



The Toronto Teachers' College Student's Council of 1965-66 with the co-operation of its thirty-four elected representatives, an executive of four members and under the guidance of the faculty advisors has accomplished a great deal in the organization of the past academic year.

This year there has been a greater emphasis on inter-college events. Much has been done to promote interest and enthusiasm in the extra-curricular life of the college. The Student's Council has organized a ski weekend with other colleges, promoted Christmas card design and School Song contests and worked to sponsor a Korean child.

New clubs formed in the school were, a separate camera club and two distinct drama clubs providing greater student participation.

The annual activities of the Council — the Hallowe'en Dance, Christmas Dance, the "At-Home", and the Year End Dance — were all effectively organized by committees within the Council and the focus of much interest and participation by the student body.

The Council, operated on parliamentary procedure and guided by last year's Council could not have achieved its great success without the faculty advisors, the Council executive, the Council representatives and the student body working together for the realization of common objectives.

With the accomplishment of many of these objectives the Student's Council feels that it has had a most successful year.

Student's Council Executive



Vice President, Bernie Maguire; Secretary, Olwen Roberts; President, Ernie LeBreton; Treasurer, Bill Collier.



Staff Advisors

TOP: Mr. Mergl, Mr. C. Percival, Mr. Boden.

BOTTOM: Mrs. White, Miss Belfry, Mrs. Lee, Miss MacIntyre.

United Nations Club



FRONT ROW: Pat Lightwood, Diana Lee, Carol James, Mr. Lewis, Miss Hamidi, Lorna Lawey, Mrs. N. Stanley.

BACK ROW: William Nevels, Olga Horvath, Phyllis Wilson, David Baird, Daphne Johnston, Sue Moxon, William Swartz, Joe Out-schoarm.

Montreal Trip

In February, the University of Montreal United Nations Club plays host to 200 students from 40 universities and colleges in Canada and the United States. Toronto Teachers' College was represented by a very active and internationally-minded delegation; Mrs. M. Stanley, Miss Carol James, Mr. J. Outschodin and Mr. David C. Baird.

Speakers at the conference included such notables as the Hon. Paul Martin, Minister of External Affairs, and His Excellency, Lord Caradon, presently British Minister of State for foreign affairs.

The conference covered the many aspects of the United Nations through panel discussions and the active participation of our delegation in the General As-

sembly and Security Council. More important however, our delegation was given the opportunity to become familiar with the mentalities, interests and hopes of people with varied backgrounds.

Toronto Teachers' College may feel proud that their delegation devoted much time and energy to making this conference a success.

As we are faced with a world of ever-increasing tensions we must take on our responsibility as human beings to help make it a more secure world; peaceful and unharried by poverty and disease. Through the efforts of our delegates we have taken the first step ahead toward that goal.

U. N. Club Report

This year the United Nations Club has been, and at the moment is, continuing to play a vital and effective role at the Toronto Teachers' College. The year, we feel, has been one of utmost satisfaction to all U.N. members inasmuch as we are operating at the university level. We have established, and still are establishing a much needed dialogue between us and other universities and through an exchange via newsletters and conferences are having other institutions of learning, both in Canada and the U.S.A., feel our presence. This point, we feel, is a much needed and important task to be carried out at the College, namely, the task of winning recognition on the outside and informing others of our receptivity to participate in such matters.

In the past few weeks, our club has been active in a Student United Nations Association on campus. We attended a regional meeting held for a week-end at Hart House. We have won acclaim and gained the respect of other universities throughout Ontario and Quebec. At this writing, we feel we are head and shoulders over competing U.N. Clubs; in fact, we are certain, as was attested by the president of the S.U.N.A.C. organization. This acknowledgement in itself is further proof that we have something of importance to say at the university level.

This past week of February 9th to 13th, 1966, we accepted an invitation on behalf of the U.M.U.N. Université de Montréal United Nations Club to participate in a model assembly along with forty other top universities in Ontario, Quebec and U.S.A. This was a bilingual conference at the University in Montreal and was a milestone for the College. During those five days, our four delegates through their efforts helped make the conference a success not only in human relations, but in taking an active part in both the Security Council and the General Assembly as representatives of Japan. One of our delegates was bilingual and thus we felt this made Toronto Teachers' College gain some recognition on this point. Two of our delegates were Canadian and the remaining two were from Jamaica and Ceylon, thus giving some ethnic colour to it. The reaction to the College being present was very favourable as it was the first time a Teachers' College in Ontario has become vitally involved in U.N. matters at this level. We feel certain that the active presence of Teachers' College in any further conferences of this type will help to achieve recognition from outside circles. No longer can we afford to be on the periphery if we plan on going ahead to operate in the university sphere.

The presence, too, of our College at these sessions helped to prepare each delegate much more adequately for his ultimate role as teacher. We are going out into classrooms as of September and how much better prepared we will be when we take with us the aim of the United Nations, namely, preparation for peace and brotherhood through education. We will have a better understanding and clearer concept of the problems presently besetting us today, and with these positive forces behind them, will go out into the classroom and instill them into children through setting up Junior U.N. Clubs in classrooms which will help to form attitudes in the children that will stand them in good stead all their lives.

We feel that the foundation has been laid at the Toronto Teachers' College by these able men and women and it is with our sincerest hope that the rest will be built in future years by the incoming students taking an active part in U.N. conferences and delegations. In our case, especially as future teachers, the need must be felt for this very important dialogue between universities and colleges and Toronto Teachers' College. We hope that this work will be continued in future years and, if so, the College will reap large benefits.

Audio Visual Club



FRONT ROW: Vera Dash, Jeannine De Steur, Beverly Steingold, Wendy Smith.
BACK ROW: Bruce Beveridge, Lynn Berry, Lenard Barber, David Bill.

This small but cohesive group, under the direction of Mr. Bradshaw has had the pleasure of working with a variety of materials which will be of great assistance to them in presenting more interesting lessons. The members were shown how to construct teaching aid boards, make transparencies for the overhead projectors, and operate the various machines that can be used in the classroom.

While touring the Teaching Aids Department of the Toronto Board of Education, the members had the opportunity of seeing the facilities available for the use by teachers of this board.

The Audio-Visual Club, although a co-curricular activity, has a great potential for the enlightenment of the teacher.

Science Club



FRONT ROW: Sandra Clarke (Secretary-treasurer) Arlene Bailly, Susan Aliman (Social Convenor), Nancy Wilsan, Lorna Prentice.
BACK ROW: Mr. Rogers (Staff) Alex Mulligan, Ernie Kowalchuk, Dan Bowles, Dave George, Mr. G. Penrose (Staff).

The Science Club was one of the most active organizations of Toronto Teachers' College, thanks to the guidance of its staff advisors Mr. Penrose and Mr. Rogers. The members participated in rock tumbling, rock study and the manufacture of classroom science equipment.

We also journeyed to The David Dunlop Observatory, The Royal Ontario Museum, The Meteorological Office and many others.

This has been a most interesting and informative year for which we are all very grateful.

Art Appreciation Club



FRONT ROW: Pat Griffen (V.P.), Stan Leschinsky (President),
Vicky Hasilo, Tony Stewart.

BACK ROW: Donna Libby, Carolyn Soper, Alice Sokolyk, Doro-
thea Denn, Dorothy Miller, Heather Blaney, Marry Gay Brooks,
Jim Hunter.

It would be visionary to report on the Art Appreciation Club without mentioning Mr. McKay and Miss Horne who gave so much invaluable help in the form of useful materials and suggestions.

The purposes of the Club are first, to acquaint the novice with the world of art so that he may teach more effectively and second, to enrich the knowledge of those who have had experience with art.

Among this years activities were talks by professionals, sketching periods, field trips to The Albright Knox Art Gallery in Buffalo and the Toronto Art Gallery, group involvement in the Christmas Card Contest and authoritative films on art.

Music Club

The Music Club has been an inovation in the life of Toronto Teachers' College. As the only student operated club in the school we owe our great success to Mr. Bob Bell.

Evidence of our club's significant role has been emphatically displayed in the results of our music exams.

The content of our program has been patterned after the school music course.

Room 207, or in the terminology of the Form Secretaries "The Music Room", will remain a memory of an important part in our student life.

Teachers Christian Fellowship



FRONT ROW: Joyce Mead, June Lawrie, Margaret Newman, Glenda Wright, Heraldine Lee, Barb Wright, May Champion.
BACK ROW: Grace Marshall, Card Ann Wilson, Don Cowan, Evelyn Smith, Mr. Hayes, Janet Cracker, Naral Creedon.

Aim . . . to know Christ and make him known.

Our meetings have included current events discussions, Bible study and challenging guest speakers.

The year's social activities included a night in the gym with guests from Lakeshore Teachers' College. We enjoyed volleyball and other games, refreshments and an informal talk from our guest speaker, Mr. Lee.

Drama Club

*"All the world's a stage and all the men and women
merely players."*

—Shakespeare.

The members of the drama club have worked diligently to bring to us a variety of good quality productions which have added to assemblies and extra-curricular activities.

The Drama Club began with a Remembrance Day programme in which the central theme was "Peace". The Christmas Assembly was delighted by the comedy "The Night Before Christmas" and the choral reading of "In Search of The Magi."

Special visitors to the college were the students from St. Andrew's Junior High School who presented a very delightful version of "Oliver" adapted from Charles Dickens.



FRONT ROW: Bab Hails, Linda Hughes, Jackie Conen, Maria Hrynczack, Ethel Brewda, Jim Kerr, Jim Hughes.

BACK ROW: Olga Horvath, Steve Altstedter, Barb Cromwell, Judy Dunbar, Don Bagshaw, Arden Dwyer, Chloe Callender, Sirpa Lectila.

The Literary and Drama Society took on a great load and produced one of the best series of one act plays ever seen at the College.

There has also been a workshop group who have had the added help of an adjudicator for script reading.

As always, thanks must go to the Make-up, Stage Management and Lighting groups, and the Directors and Co-directors for their excellent work.

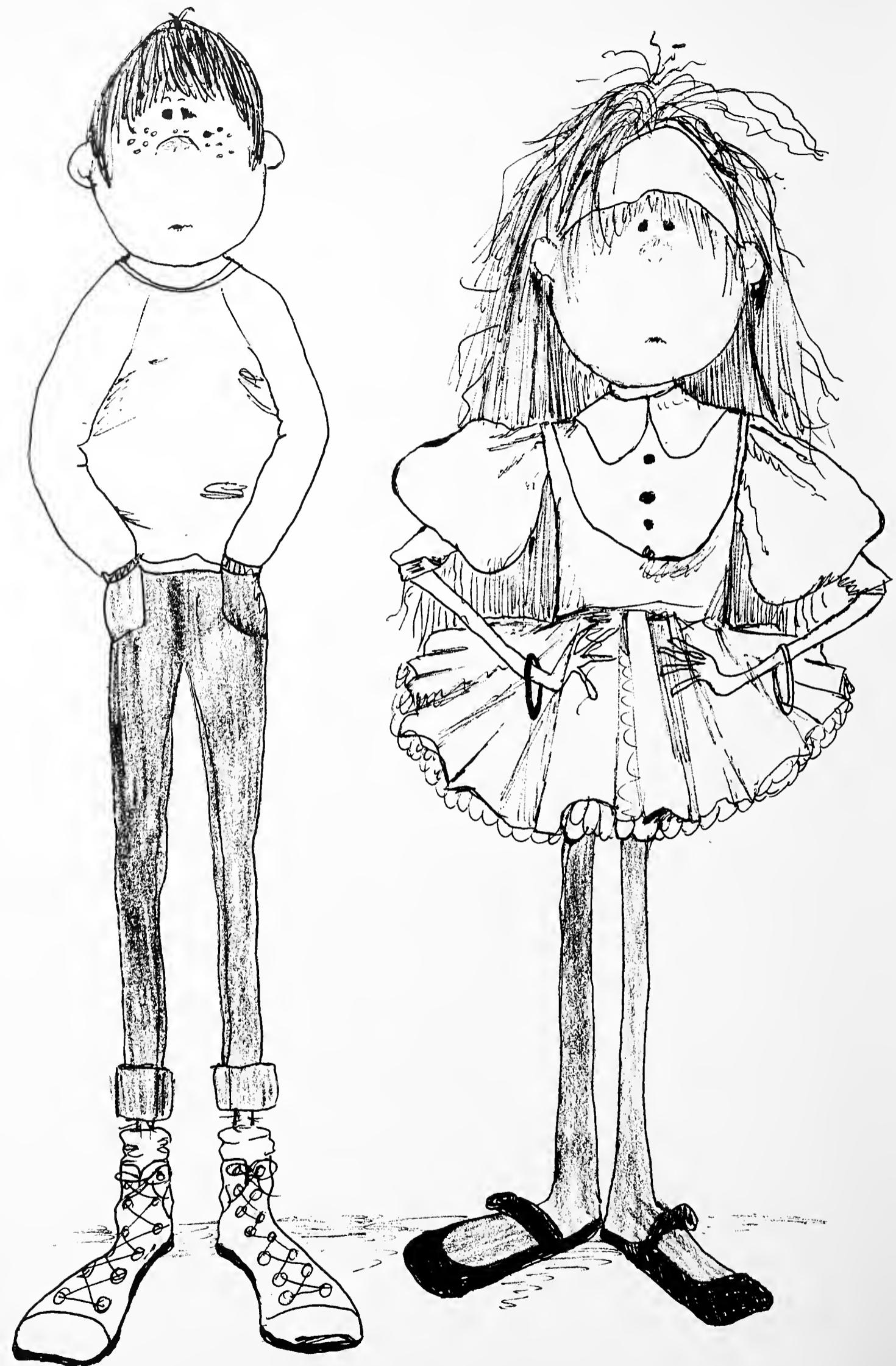
It would have been impossible to put forth such a wonderful program without the support of the staff advisors: Mr. L. A. Elliott, Mr. M. J. Dobson, Miss D. C. Fuller, Mrs. J. Hughes, Miss A. Y. Wilson, Mr. M. R. Wilson and Mr. E. M. Woodger.

The Choir

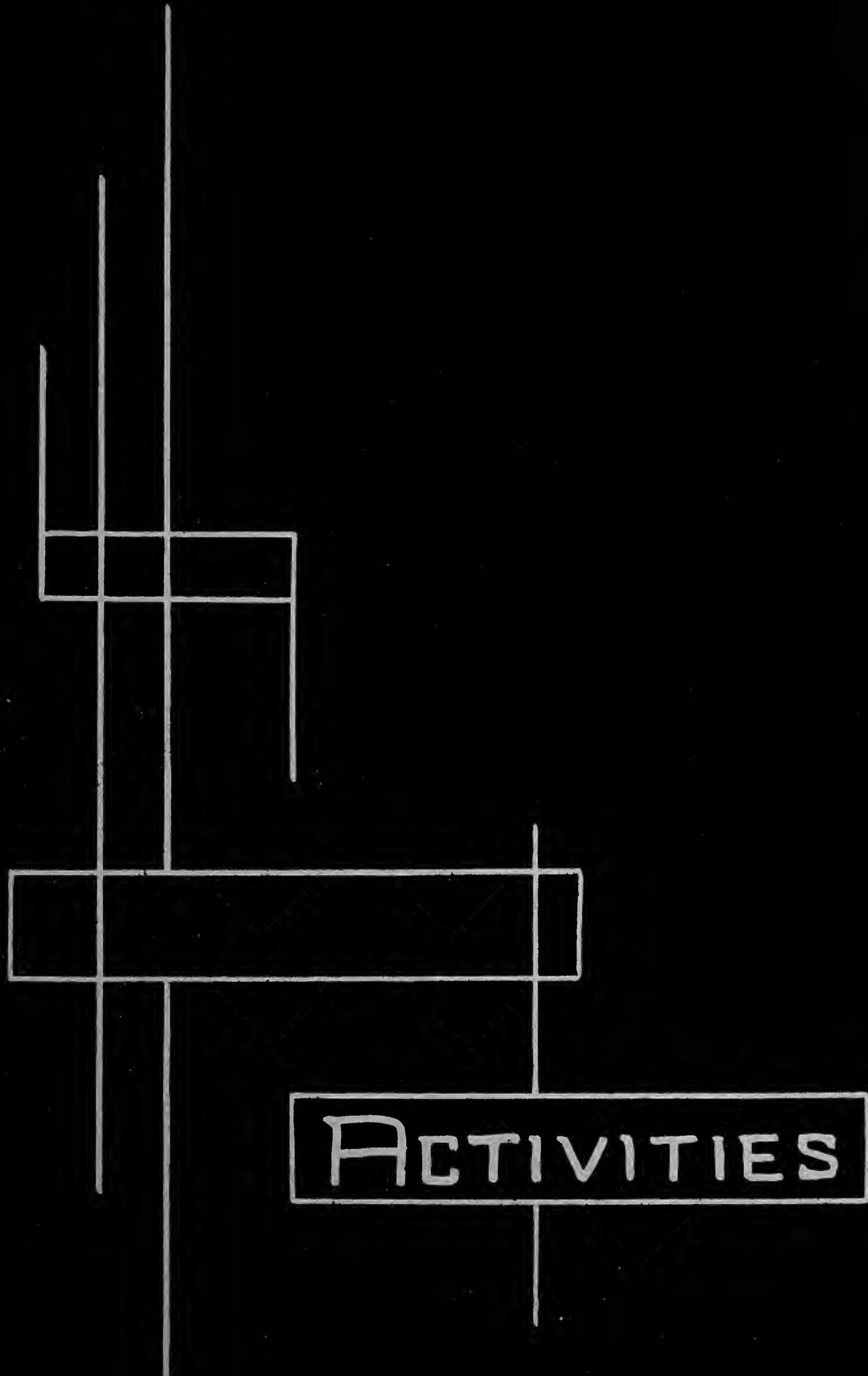


Choir Executive

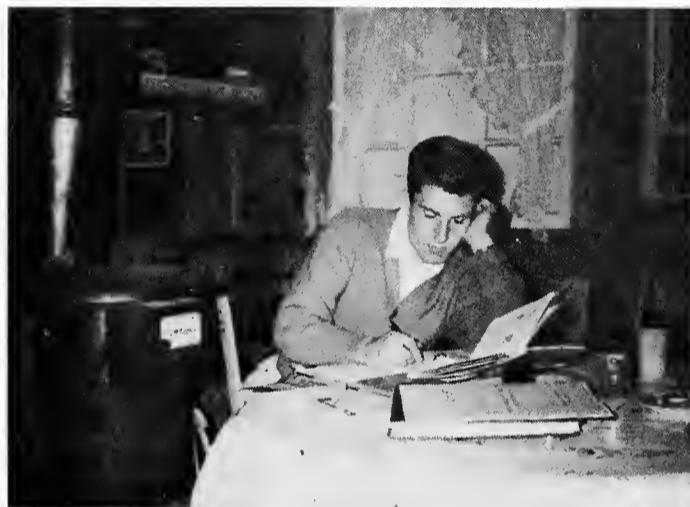




“Our Future Ones”



Rural Week



"All lesson plans in grades one and two must be neatly printed."



*"So what if you can't sing?
Teach it anyway!"*



*"Now kids, the first step . . .
. . . warm your hands. . ."*



"Well . . . I don't really know either."



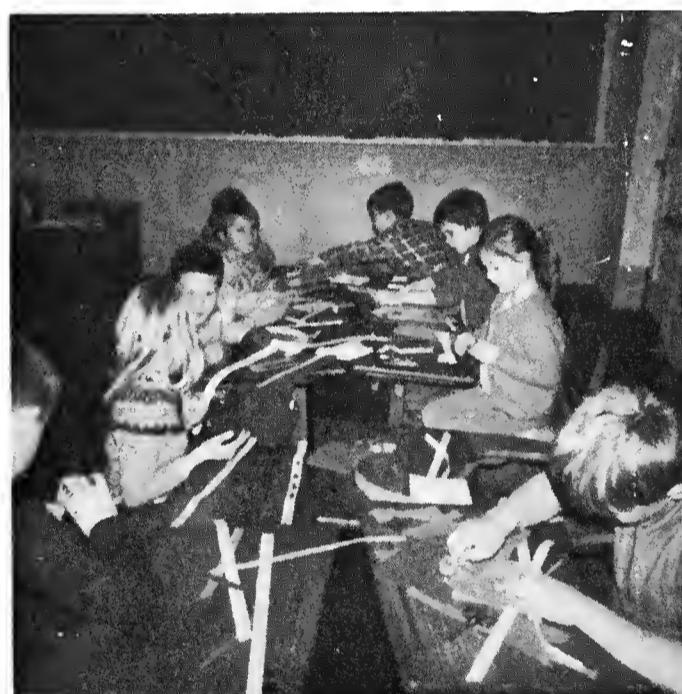
"My class was a rather lazy one."



Glen Miller Recruits.



"They were a pretty aggressive class!"

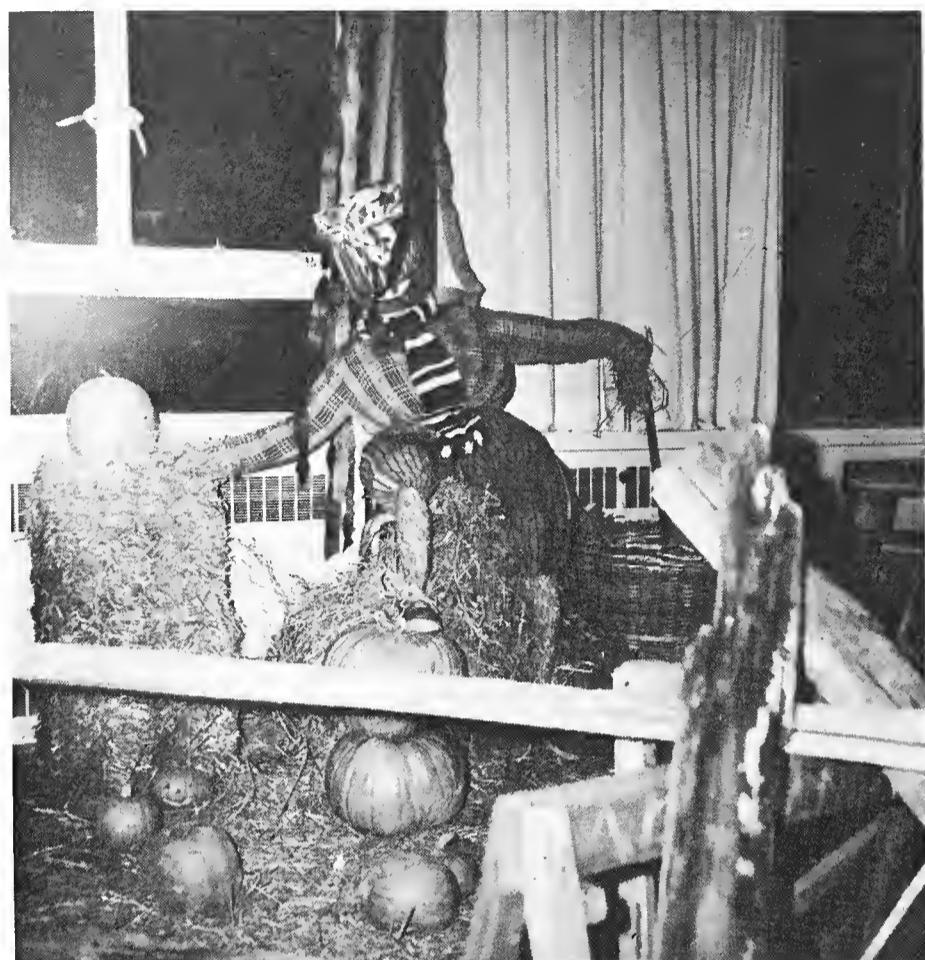


"Now get that down . . .!"

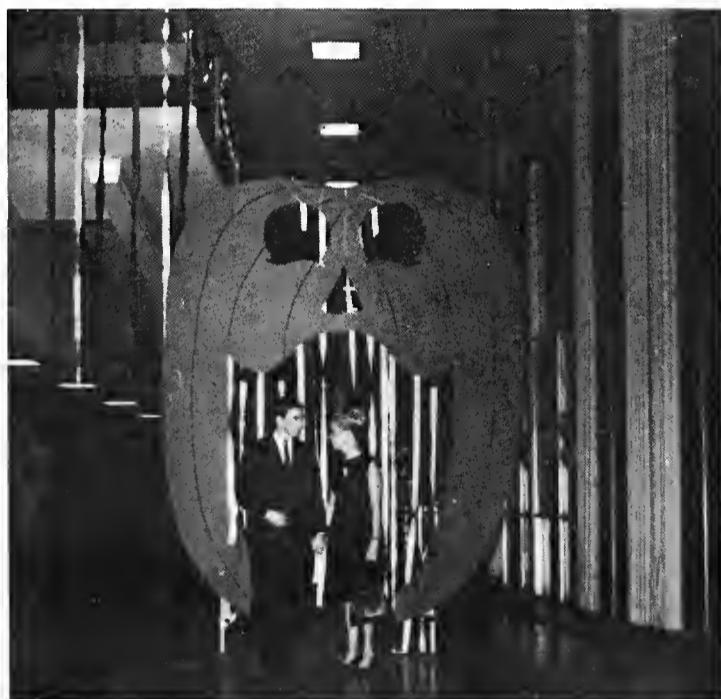


What happened to the old one-room?

Hallowe'en Howl



"Anyone got a Broomo?"

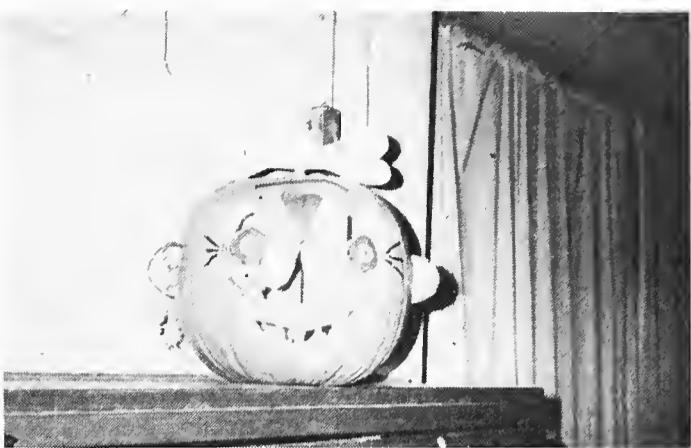


"Should we?"



Form 9's effort.

Our Hosts



And then, Miss Dick, they all laughed at me.

The Theatre at T.T.C.



Star Performers in "OLIVER".

In December, Toronto Teachers' College was delighted to view the musical version of "Oliver Twist" with words by M. Economoff and D. Calinescu . . . adapted from Charles Dickens, presented by students from St. Andrew's Junior High School in North York.

The students worked long and hard preparing this production and it was well worth the efforts of both staff and students for their performance was tremendous. They brought with them an abundance of lively talent and received a well earned, enthusiastic response from the students here at the college.



The Crest Visits T.T.C.



A welcome addition to many high schools across Ontario, the Crest Hour Company's production played a return visit to Toronto Teachers' College and entertained us with their "stage magic." Using a minimum of props they presented a mixture of drama, music and comedy in the form of playlets, poems, jazz and prose gathered from old English, Browning to Shaw, with some French selections. The audience was captivated by three excerpts from "Macbeth", the highlight of which was the sleepwalking scene by Marilyn Lightstone. Judith Irban sang a ballad, "The Three Ravens," to her own guitar accompaniment. This was followed by an excellent interpretation of Robert Frost's lengthy poem, "Death of a Hired Man."

The performance was very well presented and received . . . our thanks to the Crest Hour Company.



Christmas Fun

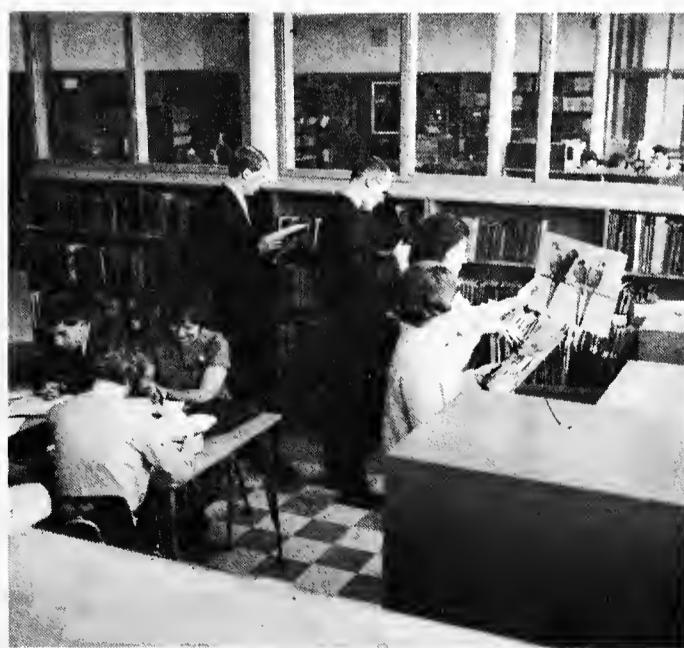
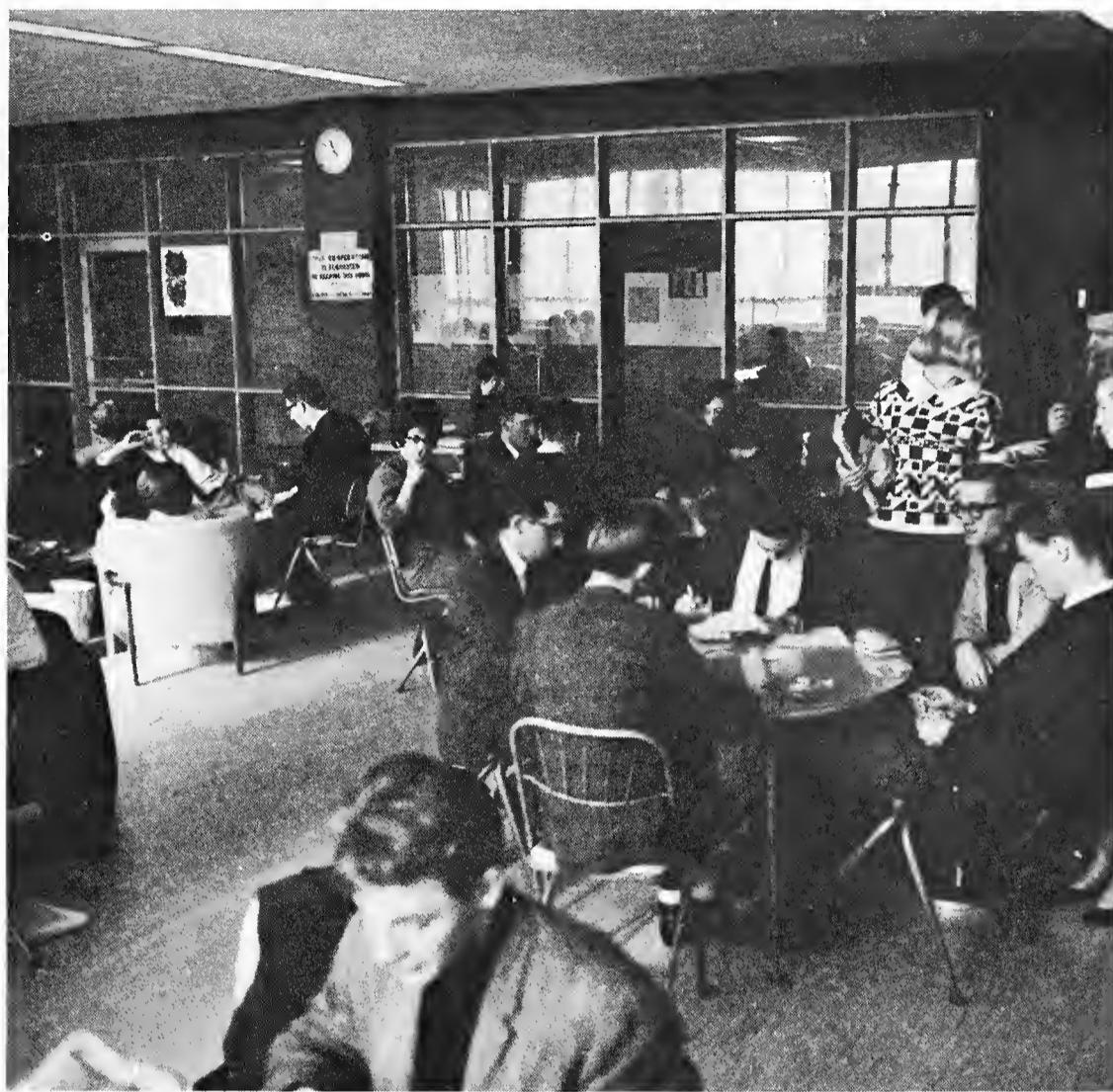


In the minds of most people the Christmas festivities live long after the happy time has passed. This holds true for our college students as well. Not many will forget the throbbing tones of "Bells" sung by our mixed choir, or the sweet sounds "Lullay My Liking" sung by the ladies' choir. Yet we all had our turn to join in under the splendid direction of Al Kunc.

Following school tradition the Drama Society was able to completely transform "The Night Before Christmas" from an old time custom into a rollicking comedy of the twentieth century. Don Bagshaw, as the confused father, split the silence many times with his unusual antics and expressions. The assembly proved to be a great way to start off the festive season.



Around the College



Yuletide Dance



They say the best things in life are free — like our Christmas Dance. The only obligation of this affair was the bringing of a gift for some needy child.

The decorating committee outdid itself again in preparing for the gay affair. The gym became a snow palace filled with warmth and friendliness. Animal music from an up-to-date college band provided a chance to practice our rythmics, while another band played a variety of selections which satisfied everyone's taste. Certainly it was the best way to end the old year and welcome the new.





Songbirds



Just don't open the door!

The College Bleeds



"What do you mean I'm a reject!"



"I just know my mother wouldn't approve!"



Don't get hysterical!



I can't stand the sight of blood.



Just desserts.



Athletic Night

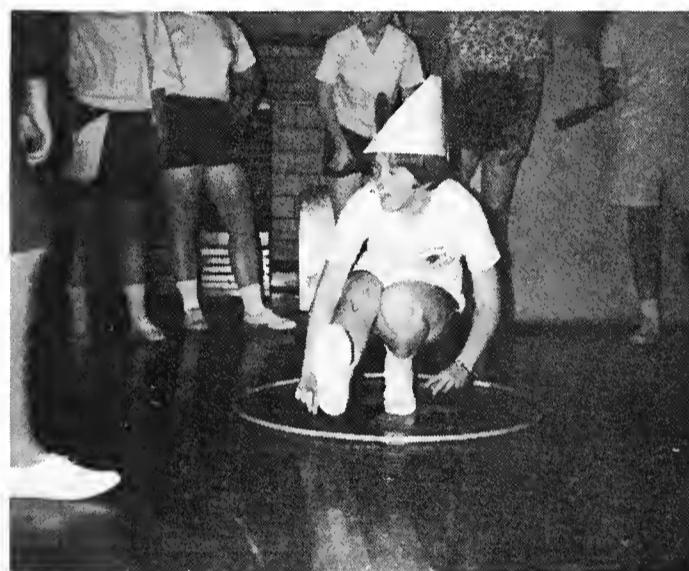
"It was the greatest to say the least", to coin a phrase, as the wildest athletic event of the year got underway. Student teams jumped, balanced, hoola-hooped, skipped and hopped until forms 33 and 17 were declared winners.

Many a tired and forgotten muscle was brought back into play as the T.T.C. masters (Bain's Bums), opposed the Athletic Society team in a game of baseball

with a new set of rules revised especially for the event by the masters, who came out winners.

A snack of cookies and soft drinks, along with a record hop, carried the evening to an end. The society members in charge of the lunch reported that it must have been a very exhausting evening as there were 64 dozen cookies left over!





Our Queen for 1966



Beth Reynolds.

Our Princesses



Laurielle Chabeaux



Olwen Roberts

The College At Home



The formal at the Inn on the Park was worthy indeed of every expectation. The lovely Centennial Ballroom was graced with ladies, gentlemen, masters and guests of Toronto Teachers' College while Benny Lewis and his band provided a good variety of dance music.

The highlight of the evening was the crowning of Miss Toronto Teachers' College for 1966, Beth Reynolds, along with her princesses: Olwen Roberts and Lauriel Chabeaux.

The sincere and diligent efforts of the At Home committee, staff advisors and student volunteers were well rewarded; many thanks to all of these people.



THIS YEAR'S QUEEN

Miss Toronto Teachers' College for '66, **Beth Reynolds**, graduated from Leaside High School where she was a cheerleader, president of the Dramatic Society, a member of the Students' Council, Simpson's representative, and Prefect of the school. After high school she attended U. of T., majoring in anthropology. Beth was active in college variety shows, was a member of her year executive at Victoria College, and attended Harvard University on the U. of T.-Harvard exchange. She enjoys travelling and spent the past summer touring Europe. Our queen takes a great deal of interest in music, both jazz and semi-classical, and was a member of the student Art Club this year.

THE PRINCESSES

Olwen Roberts, our first runner-up, came to us via Newfoundland and Victoria Park Collegiate, where she was sports editor and athletic representative. She attended U. of T. for one year and was active in sports, serving as captain of the basketball team. Though secretary of the Students' Council, Olwen still finds time to be active in tennis, golf, skiing, and sewing.

Laurielle Chabeaux, our second runner-up, is a Toronto girl coming to Teachers' College from Lawrence Park Collegiate. During her high school years Laurielle was active in many extra-curricular activities. She was a member of both the school choir and orchestra as well as being involved in basketball, badminton, tennis, and the Athletic Council. In addition, she participated in Tri Y and was her class president. Here at the College Laurielle is a member of the Student Council but still finds time for her hobbies . . . tennis, sculpturing, and piano.



Something New



This year a new idea in teacher training was initiated here at Toronto Teachers' College. The students in the Post B.A. Course underwent a year's training somewhat different from that of the regular one year course. Perhaps one of the most noteworthy highlights of the new scheme was the programme of two hour seminars held twice weekly throughout the year. During these hours the students of both forms combined to engage in many unique and interesting activities which included visits to special education classrooms, visits to art, music, and physical education classes in Junior Highs, hearing speakers in the above areas and on team teaching, a panel discussion on discipline, a lecture and practical experience in the use of dramatics, a discussion of "creativity", and many others well remembered by the students of forms two and three. The pictures on these two pages were taken on an all day excursion to the Toronto Island Nature School.

The students of the Post B.A. Course welcomed these seminars. Not only were they enjoyable, interesting and an appreciated break from the routine of regular classes, but they were also educational and informative. It is our hope that this new idea in teacher training will be retained and enlarged upon in the years to come, thereby enabling many more students to profit from it.







"Actually, my sport's basketball."



Volleyball Stars.



Stretch



Basketball Champs.



"Think those guys are watching us?"



Will the real Miss T.T.C. please step forward.

**T.T.C.
vrs.
LAKESHORE**



It's Mine!

Answers to Guess Who, page 47:

1. Mr. Chessum
2. Mr. Walford
3. Miss Wilson
4. Mr. Gaynor





Food for thought



Now girls . . . co-operate



*"All eyes on
the ball!"*



*"Now grade 7 is fine in
base two . . . but you
people with your
base ten mind . . ."*



"Did you get that?



"He's up there somewhere"

. . . . "Hallelujah!"



Might is right.



Emulation.



My Santa . . . how you've changed!



"Darling!"



"3 spades" . . .



"Hey Josephine!"



"I practice every night."

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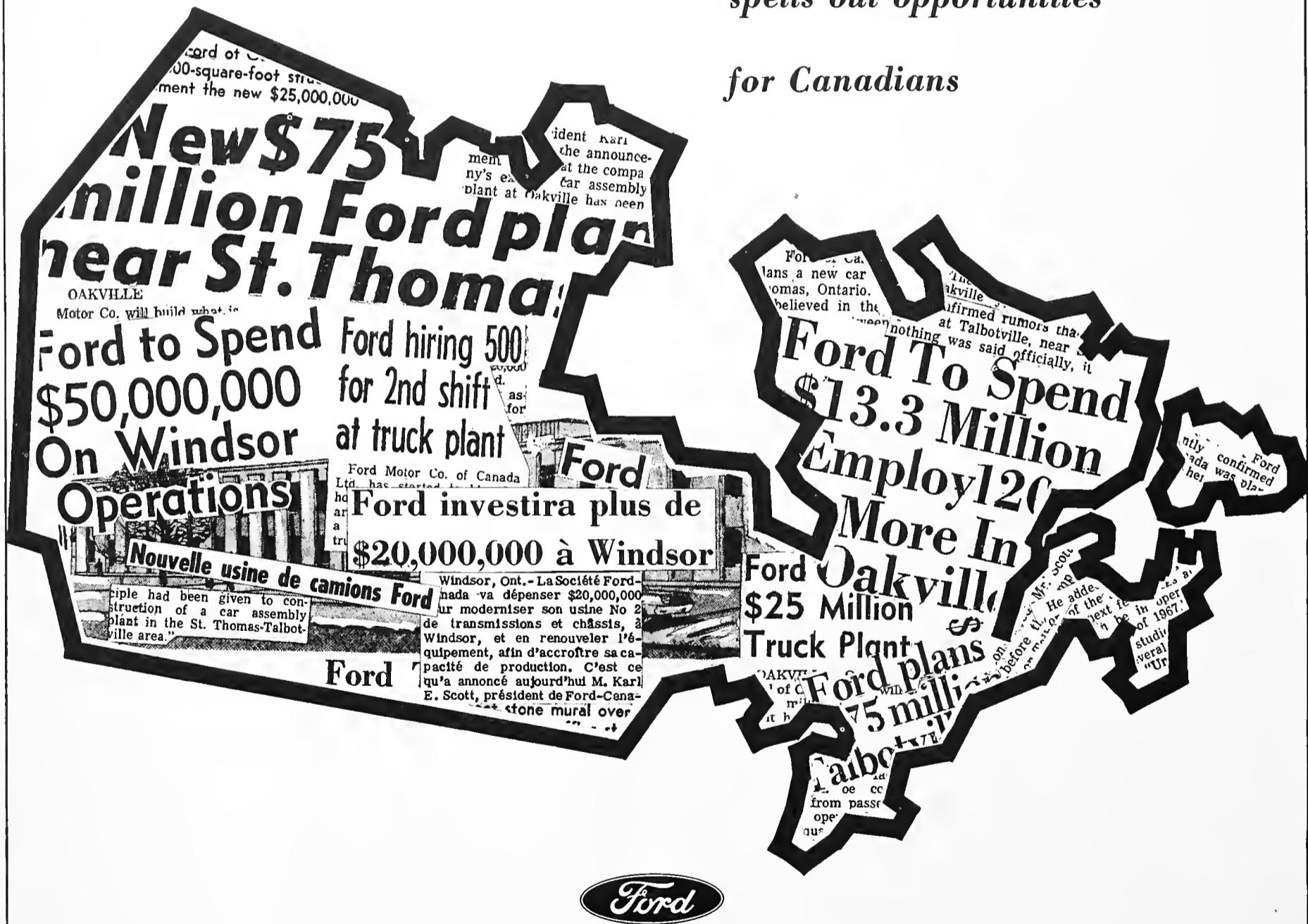
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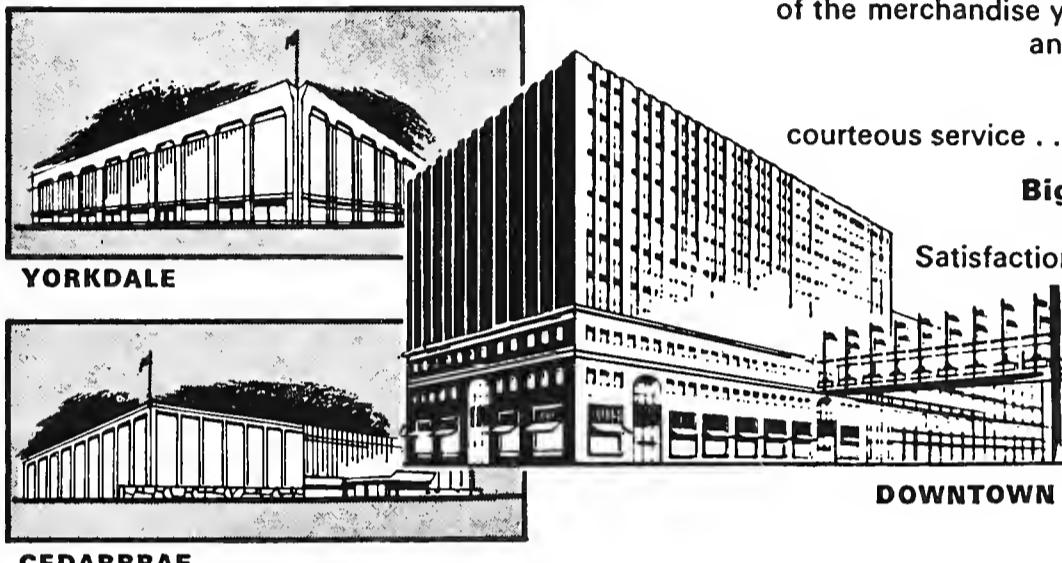
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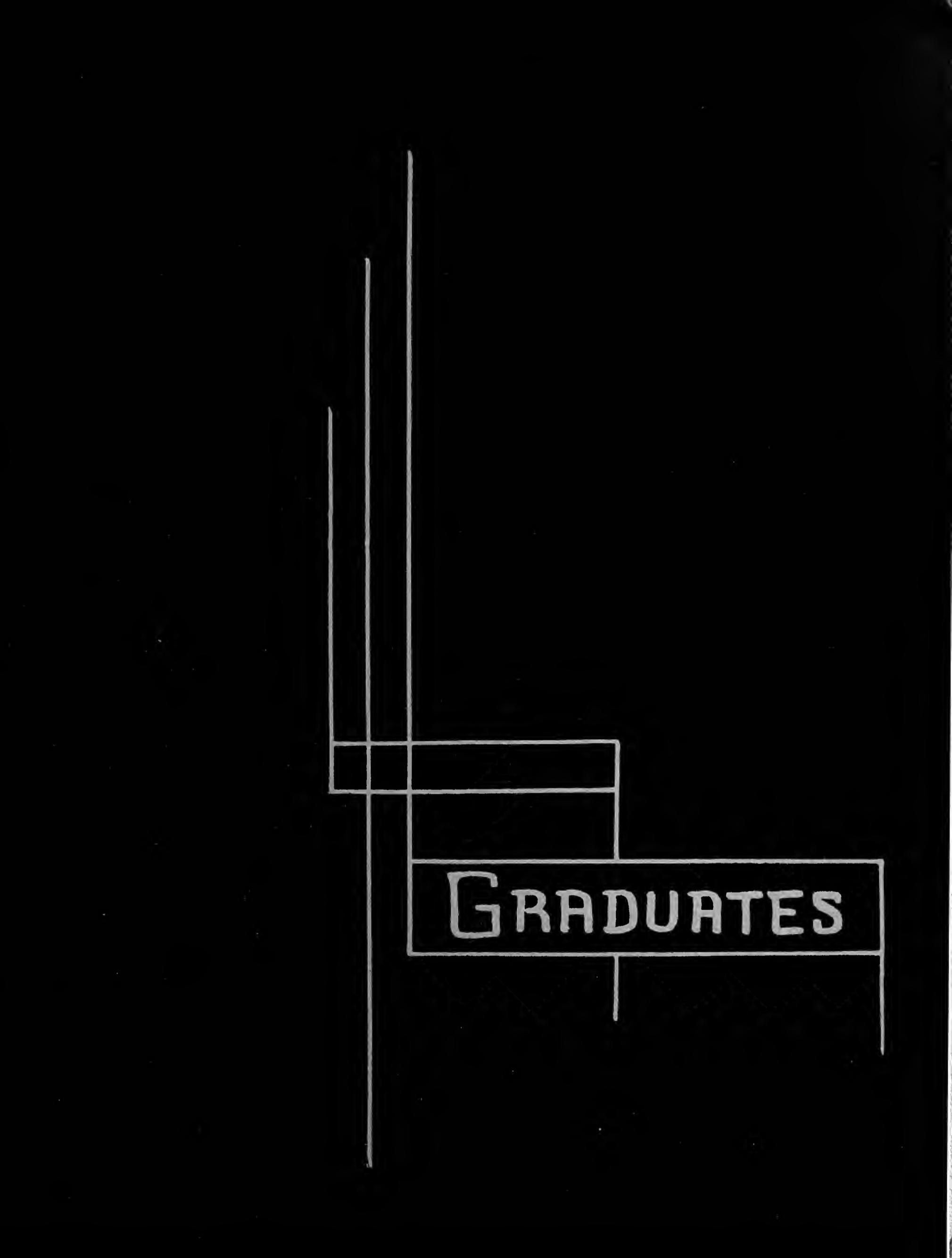
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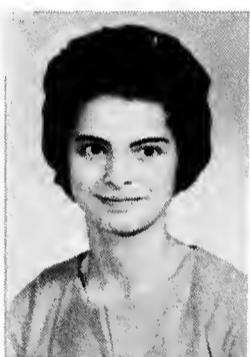
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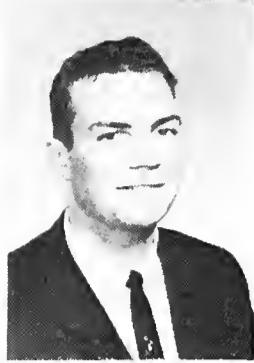


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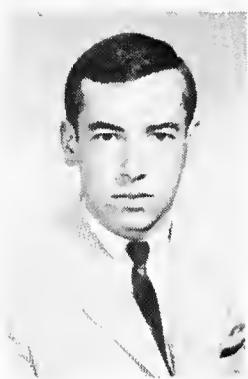
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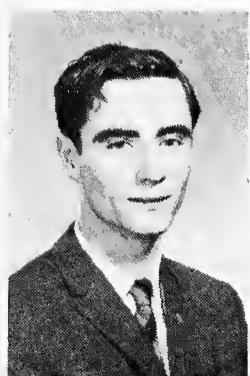
NISHIHAMA,
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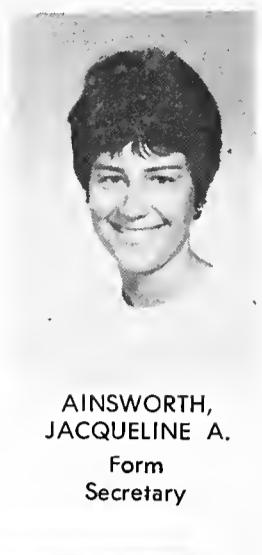
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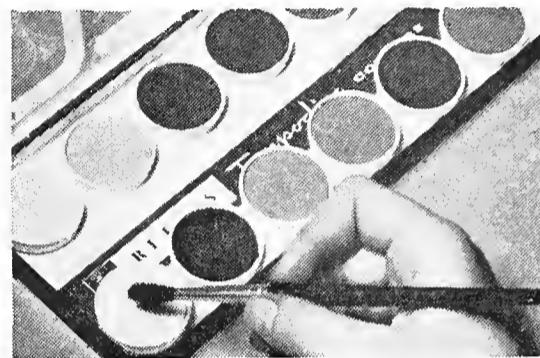
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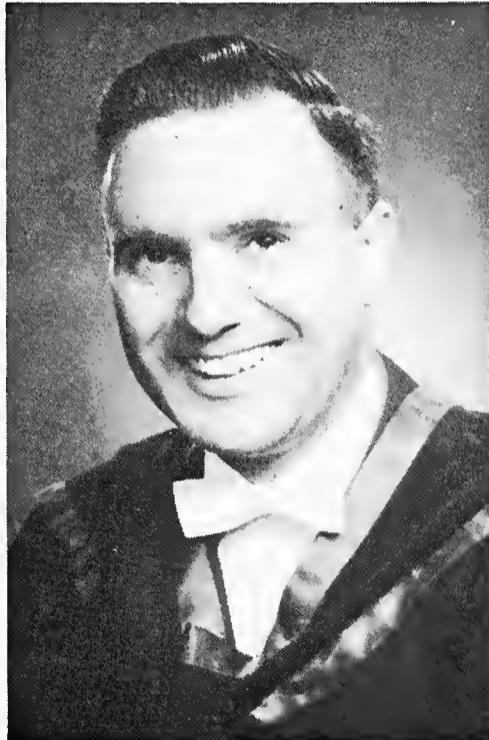
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